

July 16, 1927

**THE FIELD CHANGE.**  
(See page 13.)

RMUDA

MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner.



and Captain Hart. (See page 13.)



dent and Mrs. Ellsworth



Barclay (See page 13.)

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH

# The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.  
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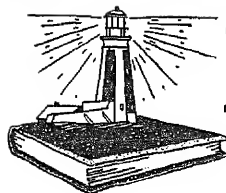
No. 2232. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, JULY 23rd, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner



Would-be Pilgrim to Zion: "Thought this was a short cut; but it doesn't take me far. Seems to me that, after all, I'll have to go the way the Guide Book directs." (See page 12.)



# Rays from the Lighthouse

"THY WORD IS A LAMP"

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle, we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given.

Any convicted member of the family should audibly read the portions after the meal is finished, and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

Sunday, July 24th—Daniel 6:10-18.

Some one has defined prayer as "the going forth of the spirit of life to the Fountain of life for fullness and satisfaction." The Psalmist puts it more simply, "My soul thirsteth . . . for the Living God." Because this is what prayer meant to Daniel, he would rather have ceased living than ceased praying. Is prayer thus the breath of life to your soul?

Monday, July 25th—Daniel 6:19-28.

This is seen in his stated times for prayer; in his God-glorifying life at court; in his fearless refusal to wrong his conscience at any cost. Such practical, obedient, courageous faith God never fails to honor.

"Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,  
Nor shrink the Lion's Den to share;  
For the God of Daniel will deliver;  
He will send His angels there."

Tuesday, July 26th—Daniel 7:1-14.

"Jesus, who passed the angels by,  
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and die;  
And still He makes it His abode;  
As man, He fills the Throne of God.  
"For Thine the power, the Kingdom  
Thine;

All glory's due to Thee;  
Thine from eternity they were,  
And Thine shall ever be!"

Wednesday, July 27th—Daniel 7:15-28.

Yesterday we read of the everlasting Kingdom given to the Son of Man. To-day, we learn that all who share with Him the fight against sin and the powers of darkness, shall share also His final triumph and eternal reign. Does the foe seem mighty, the struggle long and severe?

"Press onward, press onward, a crown is in view,  
And laurels of victory are waiting for you."

Thursday July 28th—Daniel 9:1-14.

Whilst many of his countrymen in Babylon were absorbed in money-making, Daniel's mind was occupied with higher things. The seventy years' captivity, foretold by Jeremiah, was now drawing to a close, and he wanted his nation to be prepared for the return to its own land. In his beautiful prayer of confession and intercession, we get glimpses of the majesty, purity, and mercy of God.

Friday, July 29th—Daniel 9:15-27.

Notice the blessed tenderness of God's love! In the midst of Daniel's agony of prayer, the angel comes with a touch of comfort and a message of hope. At the beginning of his supplication, the Lord planned this relief for His servant. In the words "Thou art greatly beloved," Daniel is assured of God's care and approval.

Saturday, July 30th—Daniel 10:1-9.

Daniel's companions had fled terror-stricken. He alone was able to perceive what God was about to reveal, because by prayer and fasting, he had prepared his spirit to realize the unseen and eternal (vv. 2, 3). "The pure in heart . . . shall see God." All who would know the mysteries of the Kingdom, (Luke 8:10) must, through prayer and self-denial, clear and strengthen their spiritual vision.

## A FATAL FASCINATION

"LITTLE SINS GET IN AT THE WINDOW AND OPEN THE DOOR TO THE BIG HOUSE-BREAKERS"

WHEN once a young man has done a wrong thing, it has an awful power of attracting him and making him hunger to do it again. Every evil that I do may, indeed, for a moment create in me a revulsion of conscience, but stronger than that revulsion of conscience, it exercises a fascination over me which it is hard to resist.

It is a great deal easier to find a

The little sins get in at the windows and become big house-breakers. One smooths the path for the other.

All sin has an awful power of perpetuating and increasing itself. As the prophet says in his awful vision of the doleful creatures that make their sport in the desolate city, "None of them shall want her mate. The wild beasts of the desert shall meet with the wild beasts of the



"Birds of a feather flock together"

man that has never done a wrong thing, than to find a man that has only done it once!

If the wall of the dyke is sound it will keep the water out, but if there is the tiniest hole in it, the water will pour in. So the evil that you do asserts its power over you; it has a fierce longing desire after you, and it gets you into its clutches.

Beware of the first evils, for as sure as you are living, the first step taken will make the second seem to become necessary. The first drop will be followed by a bigger second, and the second, at a shorter interval, by a more copious third, until the drops become a shower, and the shower becomes a deluge.

The course of evil is ever wider and deeper, and more tumultuous.

islands."

Every sin tells upon the character, and makes the repetition of itself more and more easy. "None is barren among them." And all sin is linked together in slimy tangle, like a seaweed, so that the man once caught in its oozy fingers is almost sure to drown.

It is poor policy to disregard a warning, because trouble will have to be taken to avoid the danger.

Carelessness is a poor substitute for peacefulness.

Successive small sacrifices may work more good in the world than one large one.

## SINNER FRIEND!

### JUST WHEN YOU ARE READY

To give up sin and wrongdoing, and trust God through the redeeming Blood of Christ to pardon your sins; then, and then only, can you experience a true change of heart. By this change of heart God makes it as easy and natural for a man to do right as before it was easy and natural to do evil. Though he will always be liable to temptation, and will have to fight the good fight all the way to heaven, the re-born man will be continually crying out to God for guidance and strength, which will always be forthcoming.

The man who belongs to God can never be victorious over evil because he has not to depend upon his strength alone, but is allied to the infinite resources of Heaven.

## "MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM!"

Black was the night and fierce the storm,

The good ship labored sore,  
And piteously to Heaven cried  
The human freight she bore.  
Fear and confusion stalked the deck,  
And hope was falling fast;  
One tender child alone lay calm  
And listened to the blast.

And when they, wondering, asked him where

His confidence he found

While brave men's hearts were sinking low,

And anguish reigned around,

While every billow threatened loud

Their barque to overwhelm—

He smiled, and sweetly, simply said,

"My father's at the helm!"

O God! when we poor voyagers toss

On this wild, "hideous" sea,

When frenzied voices round us shriek

To tear our souls from Thee,

When trembling doubters point below

Into the deep abyss,

And tell us that the vessel's doomed—

Give us such faith as this!

And when on our own narrower life

Tempest and gloom descend,

When darkness shrouds our painful

course,

And fears our spirit rend;

Through all the terrors which would

fain

Our qualling hearts o'erwhelm,

Teach us to say with perfect trust,

"Our Father's at the helm!"

## PINE BOARDS OR FOUL RIVER?

### Which do you prefer?

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart sees cheerful things.

A lady and gentleman were in a timber-yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river.

"How good the pine boards smell!" the lady remarked.

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied; "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

That was right; if we can carry this principle right through our lives we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face.

## A BETTER BEAUTY PARLOR

Do you wish to appear before the world sweet, beautiful? I judge you do because you use such large quantities of paint, powder, rouge, lipstick, crayon, cosmetics, electric needles, powder-puffs, marbles, peroxide, and the rest of the so-called beauty aids.

Here is a quicker, better, safer and more permanent make-up. "The Lord . . . will beautify the neck with Salvation."—Psalms 149:4.

Teachers in the best schools of expression tell us that nothing contributes so much to natural beauty, as the glow of happiness.

Happiness is distilled in the heart, and it flows in the eye.

Here is a harmless but perfect method of acquiring and retaining radiant beauty.

"Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."—Romans 14:22.

## SORROW

### Dramatic Confession

THE great crowd filling the theatre from floor to ceiling was in raptures. Thunderous applause, repeated again and again, filled the house in acknowledgment of a favorite comedian, who was just leaving the footlights for his dressing room.

Night after night he had appeared before the crowded house, and his "turn" was always greeted with delight by the pleasure-seeking audience. His eyes danced with gaiety, his humorous songs set the place in a roar, his tongue was never at a loss for a word to set the whole house rocking with merriment.

This evening he had "brought down" the house" repeatedly with his rollicking mirth, his witty quips and his comic songs. Again and again he had made his final bow and turned to the wings.

A man who night after night infects thousands of his fellows with his own gaiety would be supposed to feel happy himself. But this comedian was not happy.

To every one there comes a time when he sees himself in his true relationship with life. Stripped of make believe, of trimmings and

## Cowboy in the GOES FOR HIS MAIL, AND

AMONG the novel methods adopted by a Salvationist to advance the claims of God was that of writing or printing texts on the envelopes of letters or on the outside of papers which he sent through the post to his friends. The following incident furnishes striking evidence of the effectiveness of his plan.

A man who declared he hated this comrade because of his out-and-out Salvationism and outspoken way, left the town and went to the "Wild West" as a cowboy. Before doing so, he arranged with an old woman who kept a store, to send him the local newspaper every week.

The woman could not write, so she asked our Salvationist comrade to address the wrappers for her. This he did, and on the back of the papers he wrote: "What think ye of Christ?"

Far away on the prairie, the man called at a certain place once a

## THE MAN WHO DID THE RIGHT

"There is a warrant out for my arrest for embezzlement," was the statement made to the Captain of the Corps by a well-dressed man who was kneeling one Sunday night at the mercy-seat.

All day he had attended the meetings, and it was only after a long fight against the convicting Spirit of God that he had surrendered.

"Do the right at any cost," was the Captain's advice. This wise counsel was accepted by the penitent, who next morning, after a night's rest at the Officer's Quarters, surrendered to the police. He was subsequently sent to prison, and at the expiration of his term was met by the Officer who, at the request of the man's employer, from whom he had embezzled the money, had made arrangements for him to be sent out of the country to start life afresh.

He is now an enthusiastic Salvationist, and has long ago repaid to his employer every halfpenny of the money, the taking of which led to his undoing.



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"I AM THE MOST MISERABLE MAN IN THE CITY."

## SORROWS OF A MAN OF MIRTH

Dramatic Confession of a Comedian to a War Cry Seller behind the Scenes

THE great crowd filling the theatre from floor to ceiling was in raptures. Thunderous applause, repeated again and again, filled the house in acknowledgment of a favorite comedian, who was just leaving the footlights for his dressing room.

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This evening he had "brought down the house" repeatedly with his rollicking mirth, his witty gags and his comic songs. Again and again he had made his final bow and turned to the wings.

A man who night after night infects thousands of his fellows with his own gaiety would be supposed to feel happy himself. But this comedian was not happy.

To every one there comes a time when he sees himself in his true relationship with life. Stripped of make believe, of trimmings and

trappings, of those gaudy exteriors which so often deceive, one finds one's actual self. It was so in the case of this "rising star."

As he went off the stage and into the wings, while the crowd was yet vigorously applauding him, he ran full tilt into the arms of—a Salvationist! It was a Bandsman comrade who regularly visits the theatre with WAR CRY, and who is permitted by the manager to go behind the scenes among the artistes with his papers.

The comedian gasped with surprise to find The Army uniform in such a place, and almost before he could recover himself, the manager was introducing the Salvationist to him. "This is my friend, a Salvationist," said the manager.

A smile of pleasure—professional pleasure, perhaps—came over the comedian's face as he held out his hand and warmly gripped that of the man in the Bandsman's uniform. The smiling, sincerely happy face of The Army man seemed to arrest him. Here, surely, was the genuine thing—real happiness. This was no sham, no empty bubble, no manufactured joy.

For a moment he held the other's

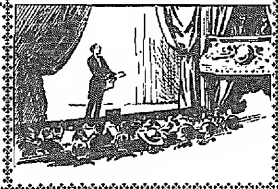
hand as if unwilling to disengage himself. How real this handgrip seemed compared with the perfunctory handshakes to which he was accustomed! Here was a grip which indicated genuine friendship, while the "God bless you" which accompanied it but served to emphasize the mockery of the popularity he was experiencing.

While still he held the Salvationist's hand, the "man of mirth" said with a sincerity which deeply affected our comrade and also the manager: "You can hear that applause. That is all for me; and yet I am the most miserable man in the city. I wish I were like you. Your happiness is of a lasting character, mine is but superficial!"

The true man had spoken. He hurried away, crestfallen, and a picture of disappointment; but before he escaped, the Salvationist dropped a word in his ears which one can but hope will, one day, lead to the casting aside of the mask of false "happiness" in favor of that peace and joy which "passeth understanding."

The sad "man of mirth" is not alone in the world; there are thousands of people wearing artificial smiles and affecting happiness whose hearts are full of gloom and despair. Are you one of the number? Does your face smile while your heart groans? Do you have to confess, when you have left your so-called gay companions, and worldly amusements, and are alone, that you are an unhappy man? Are you troubled by a guilty conscience or are you seeking to satisfy your soul-thirst from the empty cisterns of the world? You will never do it.

There is only one true source of joy, and that is in possession of a conscience void of offense, of a heart cleansed from sin. Then will spring



up within you wells of joy that will never run dry.

### UNDER THE TARPULIN

Caught in a rainstorm in the open country, a comrade was offered by the driver of a passing wagon temporary shelter under the tarpaulin with which the vehicle was covered. As the rain increased in intensity the farmer himself was presently compelled to seek shelter with the Salvationist.

During the conversation, which covered a variety of subjects, the Salvationist, who had been watching his opportunity, said, "How about your soul?"

The farmer admitted that years before, when he was merely a laborer, he professed to be converted; but he had long since forgotten God, and gone in only for money-making.

A long, earnest talk followed, and before the rain stopped, the Salvationist in the semi-darkness of the covered wagon, led the farmer back to God. They met again on the same road a month later, and the farmer, whose face was shining with happiness, told our comrade that his wife and two daughters had also sought pardon.

## Cowboy in the "Wild West"

GOES FOR HIS MAIL, AND HAS A SURPRISE

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The woman could not write, so she asked our Salvationist comrade to address the wrappers for her. This he did, and on the back of the papers he wrote: "What think ye of Christ?"

Far away on the prairie, the man called at a certain place once a

month for his mail. On one occasion there were two months' papers and letters awaiting him. As he picked up each packet, he read again and

Are you "the most miserable man in the city," like the "man of mirth"?

Are you tired of life, and thinking of "ending it all," like the man who got the wrong telephone number?

Are you trying to stifle the voice of conscience?

If you are, read the message at the foot of the opposite page.

again the arresting question and became conscience-stricken. On his way home across the prairie the words took hold of him with increasing effect until, when he had covered half the distance, he fell on his knees under the moonlit sky and cried to God for Salvation.

Judge of his astonishment when he subsequently learned that the writer of the messages was no other than the Salvationist he had so keenly despised.

### SWALLOWED A MOUSE

But Knows Better Now

Before The Salvation Army got hold of "Ovid Jack" he was a notorious poacher, drunkard, and gambler.

Once he was so hard up and was so desperately in need of a drink that he swallowed a dead mouse for a pot of beer. "I would have eaten a live one for that matter," he declared, "my throat was so parched."

One night he was swept into an Army Hall with a crowd of men and women following a "drunkards' raid," and with sixteen others claimed the power of God to deliver him from the curse of drink.

It was three years before he wore Army uniform, his reason being that before he did so he wanted to pay off every penny of his debts.

## "Ring Off! Wrong Number"

HE WAS GOING TO BLOW OUT HIS BRAINS, BUT —



LOUDLY rang the telephone bell in the Major's office. Picking up the receiver he heard a man's voice ask: "Is that you, Nell?"

"You're on the wrong number, sir. This is The Salvation Army."

"Salvation Army be and —!" thundered the voice. "Ring off."

A moment later the bell rang again, and on the Major answering it, the same voice said: "Please excuse me, Salvation Army, for my language just now, but perhaps, after all, you can help me. I am in serious trouble. May I come and see you?"

"By all means. Come right round."

Having secured the necessary particulars, the engineer rang off, and within ten minutes was pouring into the Major's ear a tale of woe.

"Until recently I was a fairly prosperous man in the city," he said, "but I took to secret drinking and gambling—and I am ruined! My business I sold a few weeks ago without my wife's knowledge, and the money received for it also went to pay gambling debts. The only assets I possess in the world consist of my furniture; but even now the bailiffs may be in possession, for I owe another \$2,600 to the book-

makers."

It took the distressed man a long time to tell this story, and frequently he broke down. Having got so far with it, however, he paused again, as if bracing himself up for the climax, and then continued:

"When I rang you up this morning I was going to tell my wife all about it, and then blow out my brains. But your voice and the words 'Salvation Army' stopped me, and here I am. What can I do?"

For a long time the two talked and planned, and finally they knelt in prayer, and the visitor sought forgiveness of God. They then went together to the home of the man, who, amid many tears, confessed his wrongdoings to his wife and offered to free her or do anything she wished to make amends for the past.

"Well," said the wife, when she had heard all; "I had better do as you have done and seek Salvation, and then we can start life afresh. I have enough money of my own to pay your remaining debts."

A few months afterwards husband and wife, now Salvation Army Soldiers, emigrated to Australia to build up a fresh business amid new surroundings, and in their turn are seeking to help their fellows.

A Serial Story, Specially Written for the Canada East WAR CRY.



## An Tramp for Jesus

### The Pioneering Experiences of certain Salvation Army Bandsmen

— By —  
LIEUT.-COLONEL WM.  
NICHOLSON

#### CHAPTER IX Nature Lessons

IF YOU have not breathed the elixir of a Canadian Autumn morning you have missed one of the joys of life. On the particular morning upon which this story opens, a glorious breeze was blowing. Many-hued leaves were fluttering in thousands on the long white road, and whirling about as though in a mad-cap mood. It was a day upon which to be glad, when, to quote the Bible poetry, the mountains and the hills break forth into singing, and all the trees of the fields clap their hands.

The wind shifted a point or two. Then, above the sound of the breeze and other noises could be heard a weird rumbling like the distant on-coming of railway trains. It was the voice of Niagara.

#### Had Worked Hard and Long

Some of the members of the Band, whose chronicles we are writing, had slept the previous night with their windows open. In the still hush of the late evening they had heard the cry of the "Thunder of Waters."

It was a good arrangement of their Leader to give the Band the following morning off. They had worked hard and long. God had given them the hearts of the people, many of whom had been won. To see the world-famous Falls was a valued privilege and they were naturally elated at the prospect.

Some folks spend the best part of their lives in search of pleasure, and do not find it; others seek first to do right and walk the sometimes hounding path of duty, prepared to make every sacrifice rather than turn aside; yet they find what the others miss. It was certainly so with our young comrades. If they had put pleasure before duty they might have remained at home, and, like many others, used their musical gifts for entertainment purpose instead of to get people converted. They had done what they felt to be right, and amid the wear and tear of the fight they were now reaping some of the pleasures of life, which are all the more enjoyable when they have been well-earned.

#### The Old Thunder

As they rambled along the road in good spirits they were conscious that the sound of the Falls was louder, and it became increasingly so every step they took.

"I wonder who will catch the first glimpse of the Old Thunderer?" exclaimed somebody.

"It's straight ahead, so we ought to see it soon," answered another.

"I'll eat my cap if that's not His Noisy Majesty, and he's pulling all his stops out, too," said Straight, pointing to a distant splash of white on a level with the road.

"You're right!" cried several excitedly.

"Hurrah for the good old watering can!" shouted "Jonah," flinging his cap into the air.

"That Niagara?" exclaimed Rupert.

"I expected to have my breath taken

away at the sight of it. If that's it, then I'm disappointed.

"Is that Niagara, sir?" added Rupert, addressing a good-natured looking farmer who was driving by, and pointing in front of him.

"Yes," answered the farmer, cheerily. Then noting the useful look upon his face, he said, "Wait a bit. When you get close to it you'll like it better."

#### Good Advice

"Thanks very much," answered Rupert, as the farmer drove on his way.

"I'm afraid I'm too ready to jump at conclusions," said Rupert to his comrades.

"So you are," said Straight.

"Though I don't say your conclusions

added Hardy.

"Fire away then," said Straight, keeping at a respectful distance.

"All things come to those who work."

"That's good," exclaimed a chorus of voices.

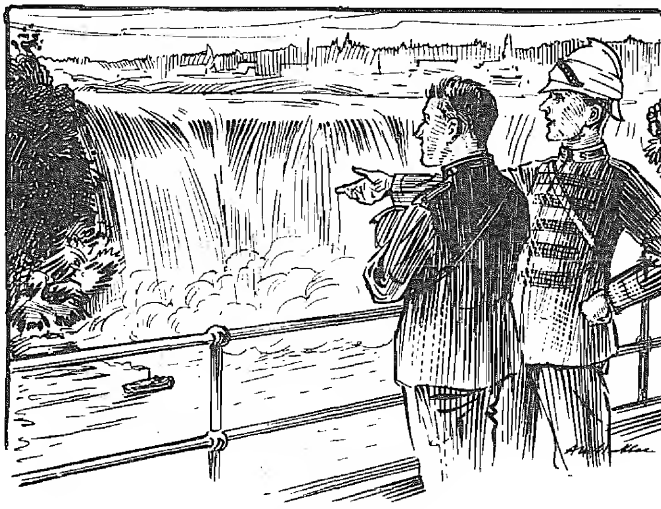
#### A Good Motto

"I'll go one better," said another. "All things come to those who work and wait. To my mind 'work and wait' is a better motto than 'wait a bit'."

By this time the roar of the Falls was unmistakable, and the sight of the leaping waters, even at a distance, was a wonderful one.

"I'll call back my hasty remark," said Rupert, while he gazed upon the picture in front of him.

Presently they came within full sight of the Falls, and Rupert posi-



A most awe-inspiring spectacle

ure not sometimes correct. Still, you might do worse than take the farmer's good advice, and 'wait a bit.' Some folks are always waiting, but it's not much in your line. Don't be in too big a hurry. Do you remember the words I quoted the other day on the cars, when you joked with me for my liking for old rhymes. Look out! I'm going to throw the old couplet at you:

"To act, to suffer, may be nobly great,  
But nature's mightiest effort is to wait."

"I don't think much of that. Why it puts a premium on laziness," said Ernest Hardy.

"Nonsense. Don't listen to him, Rupert. All things come to those who wait."

"Why that's treason against hard work. Throw him over the fence you fellows," cried Hardy. There was a race and a scramble.

"I can improve on your last remark by altering just one word,"

tively panted while he tried to take in the sight before him. It was a most awe-inspiring spectacle. Niagara was at its best. Leaping, crashing, and roaring, millions upon millions of gallons of water were racing and boiling along the Upper Niagara River, which, of itself, with its banks and islets, covered with variegated foliage, tinged with autumnal tints, was a perfect dream of beauty. On came the leaping torrent, ready for the wild plunge.

#### A Feast for Eyes and Mind

Then, with a great solemn noise, over the precipice went the mighty flood in a manner that made Rupert and Ernest tremble while they looked from the giddy altitude at the wonderful spectacle beneath. They were astonished to notice that the waters below were almost calm, and that a little steamer, "The Maid of the Mist," moved with a but a few feet of the falling deluge. The steamer

was appropriately named, for it was almost enveloped in fine white mist, while far above were beautiful rainbows caused by the sun's rays striking the long curtains of floating spray.

"I suppose these are the Whirlpool Rapids above the Falls?" said one.

"No, that is a popular mistake," answered another. "The Rapids are a mile or so below the Falls. For some distance you will notice there's comparatively still water, the great body of which pours over this precipice, sinks, and comes to the surface a couple of miles below where the Whirlpool Rapids begin; a little lower is the Whirlpool itself, where you will remember a powerful swimmer met his end by trying to fight against the swift current. The lady who keeps the lazaret over there, where you will probably purchase a little memento, was the wife of the man who perished."

#### "A Lot of Lessons"

"Well, Rupert, what do you think of Niagara?" enquired Ernest Hardy of his companion.

Rupert's only reply was a look. It spoke more than any words.

"What a lot of jolly old lessons we are learning to-day," said Rupert, when he found his tongue.

"Perhaps you'll tell us what you have learnt?"

"I will," said Rupert, flinging himself on the grass, and pulling out his note-book. "Firstly, as the preacher says, I've learned not to be too hasty in my judgments, and picked up a common sense motto. Then the story of the swimmer suggests an idea for a platform talk, the lesson of which is 'Who can fight against God and win?' Then there's the thought that this great body of water is running on for ever and ever. It never stops."

"Yes, it does," beginning your pardon," interrupted Straight.

"When?" exclaimed several.

"When it freezes."

"Well," exclaimed Rupert excitedly, "that gives me another idea. To think of it, in place of all this activity—death. In place of all the power utilised to drive machinery many miles away—weakness. It is all so very wonderful."

Then Rupert began writing in his note-book another illustration to add to the many others which he had gleaned for use in driving home spiritual lessons.

(To be continued)

#### RABBITS AND CAULIFLOWERS

While the meeting was in progress at a certain village Corps, a rough looking laboring man entered with two rabbits and some cauliflowers under his arms, and sat himself on the back seat. As the meeting proceeded, conviction took hold of him, and later on those who were nearest to the man saw tears trickling down his cheeks.

Presently the Captain asked; "Is there anybody here who will seek Salvation?" whereupon the man with the cauliflowers and rabbits rose and made his way to the mercy-seat.

After the meeting, the convert said to the Officer; "Captain, I want you to go to a farmer's house with me. I trapped these two rabbits on his land, and stole these cauliflowers from his garden."

Together they called on the farmer, who, after hearing the man's confession and the story of his conversion, gave him the rabbits and cauliflowers, and handed the Captain a donation for the Corps funds.

## IN WE

### The Land of The Sacred Crocodile

By A. E. COPPING

WEST AFRICA is one of the Army's comparatively new Missionary fields. Our comrades have been working in the Gold Coast for four and a half years—one Army Territory comprising those two regions, which are separated by a sea voyage of sixteen hours by steamer.

And what progress, then, reader will like to know, has so far been made? How does the Gospel of Jesus Christ, proclaimed in downright fashion and associated with a practical helping hand, appeal to West Africa's chocolate-colored natives, whose heathen superstitions have survived contact with European commerce and education?

No one is better able to answer these questions, and to supply a picture of actual Salazarist happenings in equatorial Africa, than Brigadier E. G. General Secretary of the Territory for some years has been valuable confidant of Colonel Souter—the pioneer in Nigeria now the West African Commander.

#### Converted Murderer

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said Brigadier Grimes, on being asked to unfold his experience, "when a start was made at the capital and chief port of Nigeria, many persons said the Army was unnecessary and unsuited to the conditions of the country. But a few of the first converts were young men who had caused considerable trouble and their change of life made a marked impression."

One of these young men, whose name is Castano, came under influence when, with murder on his heart, he was hurrying through the streets of Lagos on an errand of vengeance. His face bore evidence of keen intelligence, a man like him, acquainted with English, a Colonel Souter, conducting an air meeting, was moved to press into service as a translator. That young man, almost in spite of himself, standing in the place of interpreting truths which, which, to his mind, proved wondrously acceptable to his heart!

"A few days later, at an Army meeting, he knelt at the tent-form, and to-day he is the best Sergeant-Major of Lagos."

#### The Field Enlarges

"Another early convert was a wandi, educated like Castano, one of his friends. Officers of the West Indies were assisting Colonel at a meeting, and the eloquent witness that evil tendencies in their lives had given place to happy realization of holiness, security. 'If God can do that for them,' the thought came to the thunderclap to listening Akan. 'He can do the same for me.' Done. That young man is now a train Akenwandi. And since mentioned that these young men could speak English, it may be explained that on the coast are a large number of educated Africans who are lawyers, teachers, leading merchants, etc., sometimes being members of Legislative Council."

"Saying started The Army Lucas and the adjoining town Abuto Motta, the Colonel further aided, and to-day we established in about thirty towns."



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One of these young men, whose name is Castano, came under Army influence when, with murder in his heart, he was hurrying through the streets of Lagos on an errand of vengeance. His face bore evidence of keen intelligence, a man likely to be acquainted with English; and so Colonel Suter, conducting an open-air meeting, was moved to press him into service as a translator. Behold that young man, almost in spite of himself, standing in the ring and interpreting truths which, while new to his mind, proved wondrously acceptable to his heart!

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"Another early convert was Akanwadi, educated like Castano, and one of his friends. Officers from the West Indies were assisting the Colonel at a meeting, and they bore eloquent witness that evil tendencies in their lives had given place to a happy realization of Holiness and security. 'If God can do that for them,' the thought came like a underpin to listening Akanwadi, 'He can do the same for me.' It was done. That young man is now Captain Akanwadi. And since I have mentioned that these young men could speak English, it may be well to explain that on the coast there are a large number of educated Africans who are lawyers, barristers, leading merchants, etc., besides sometimes being members of the Legislative Council.

"Having started The Army at Lagos and the adjoining town of Abute Metta, the Colonel moved further afield, and to-day we are established in about thirty towns and



(Above): Paramount Chief Yaw Dodoo 5, with his family. He is a Salvation Army Soldier, and the "Articles of War" are hung in his palace. (Right): A Salvation Army Soldier



villages and have some seventy Officers, more than half natives. When, in January, 1923, Mrs. Grimes and I arrived in Lagos (succeeding Major Smith, who, with Mrs. Smith, had been compelled by health considerations to leave), we were welcomed by a Band of half a dozen instrumentalists, whose playing was exceptionally good for West Africa. To-day, however, at Lagos there is a fine combination of about thirty players, all with Army instruments—a combination which is largely due to the patience and toil of Captain da Costa, a young West Indian Officer who has done remarkably good service in the Territory. I may add that the authorities at Lagos have been most

about five miles from Lagos; the cost being borne by the Government, and the management being vested in The Army. The boys will be committed to our care, the Officer in charge of the institution being given parental authority.

"What boys are they?" the interviewer asked.

"Many of them," replied the Brigadier, "have left their homes up country and have walked the journey of perhaps fifty miles to Lagos. They would have no difficulty in supporting themselves on bananas and gari on the way. As for sleeping, you must realize that there is no furniture in the village huts, the entire family sleeping on mats on the

folk prove splendid Officers, full of missionary fervor. Our people daily visit the heathen compounds, where a great work is done. One Corps of Nigeria has over two hundred Soldiers and Recruits, of whom ninety-eight per cent have been won from heathendom. Most of the African natives have a conception of a great God (as though some knowledge had crept across the vast continent in the distant days of the captive children of Israel); but they suppose that He Himself cannot bother with men, and that He has, therefore, sent into the world a number of spirits to attend to the needs of humanity. Women, rather than men, believe in the existence and powers of these spirits. In the case of Ogun-gun, concerned with the worship of the dead, the priests indulge in open masquerading, which the men wink at. On the anniversary of a death, a priest in a white sheet personates the departed, and the awe-stricken women provide for him a quantity of choice food, which is privately consumed by men of the household, assisted by the priests. Besides the god of the dead, there is the god of water, the god of iron, the god of stone, the god of small-pox, and plenty of others, all having their devotees, who render sacrifices to the priests. In the case of the sacred crocodiles, however, there are no priests. The sacrificial offerings—goats, fowls, etc.—are thrown direct to the reptiles, which in some cases are reputed to be very old, live in a state of great filthiness, it being apparently nobody's business to clean the enclosure from time to time.

### "You Can Have the Children"

"With the spread of education, the young people are turning away from the superstitions of their parents. I happened to visit the town of Ife on the occasion of a heathen festival, in which only about half the people were taking part. 'Ten years ago,' the King's eldest son remarked to me, 'you would have found the entire town participating.' The Prince held aloof from the festival, though his father, because he was the King, felt bound to countenance it. Many elderly people, when spoken to about Christ and asked to abandon idolatry, pathetically reply, 'I am too old to change, but you can have my children.' Now that the people are letting go of their heathen superstitions it behooves us to be ready with a sufficient force to educate them in the truth, because on all hands there

(Continued on page 12)

## SUCCESSFUL TRAIL-BLAZING

In response to urgent calls extending over a number of years, a party of pioneer Officers, mostly West Indians, commenced operations in Nigeria, in October, 1920, under Colonel Suter, the present leader. Although greeted in some directions with evidences of disfavor, and even of smouldering hostility, and notwithstanding many problems, including serious ill-health, they resolutely planted the Flag in Lagos, and soon made their presence felt farther afield. A steadily progressive work has since gone forward. The Gold Coast was opened in December, 1922, as a result of the devotion of a native who, hearing of The Army, came to London and offered himself for service. After training, he was commissioned and sent to his own country, where Army activities have since been spreading. Training work was begun in Lagos, in 1924, and Social Work, in the form of a Boys' Home, in 1925.

kind to us, and, because at present we have only a poor building of our own, they allow us the use, every Sunday, of the Glover Memorial Hall, a fine structure capable of seating five hundred persons."

### Boys and Birchings

Asked if The Army had as yet felt its way to any Social Service Work in West Africa, Brigadier Grimes said:

"Over twelve months ago a police magistrate sent for the Colonel and asked him if The Army could do anything for the small boys, from about seven to fourteen years old, who ran wild in the town and were brought into court on petty charges, notwithstanding the repeated birchings to which they were sentenced. We drew up a scheme, which was submitted to the Government, and finally approved. This scheme provided for the erection of a fine institution (to accommodate forty lads and capable of expansion) at Yaba,

ground, and a casual visitor, such as one of these young wanderers, can always find an old corner on a mat. The Yaba Institution, on a five-acre site, has already been built, and it is being opened at about the present date. We purpose training the boys in various trades, starting with carpentry. There is a strong demand for mechanics and artisans in the colony, for there is an unfortunate tendency for African youth, on becoming educated, to aspire towards clerkships and to despise manual employment. The Governments of the Gold Coast and of Sierra Leone are interested in the working of this new departure, for they each have the same boy problem awaiting solution."

### Heathen Beliefs

Reverting to the Field Work, Brigadier Grimes went on:

"The natives make excellent Salvationists, and become imbued with the real Army spirit. Educated town

ately named, for it was  
oped in fine white mist,  
ove were beautiful rain-  
by the sun's rays strik-  
ng curtains of floating  
these are the Whirl-  
above the Falls?" said  
is a popular mistake,"  
other. "The Rapids are  
o below the Falls. For  
e you will notice there  
tively still water, the  
f which pours over this  
lks, and comes to the  
ouple of miles below  
Whirlpool Rapids begin-  
r is the Whirlpool itself,  
will remember a power-  
met his end by trying  
just the swift current.  
o keeps the bazaar over  
you will probably pur-  
mementa, was the wife  
who perished."

Lot of Lessons"  
pert, what do you think  
quired Ernest Hardy  
nion.  
only reply was a look  
than many words.  
ot of jolly old lessons we  
y-to-day," said Rupert,  
nd his tongue.  
you'll tell us what you  
said Rupert, flinging  
ic grass, and pulling out  
c. "Firstly, as the preach-  
learned not to be too  
judgments, and picked  
sense motto. Then the  
e swimmer suggests an  
platform talk, the lesson  
Who can fight against  
? Then there is the  
thought that this great  
body of water is run-  
ning on for ever and  
over. It never stops."  
"Yes, it does," beg-  
ging your pardon,"  
interrupted Straight.  
"When?" exclaimed  
several.  
"When it freezes,"  
"Well," exclaimed  
Rupert excitedly, "that  
gives me another idea.  
To think of it, in place  
of all this activity—  
death. In place of all  
the power, utilised to  
drive machinery many  
miles away—weakness.  
It is all so very won-  
derful."  
Then Rupert began  
writing in his note-  
book another nature  
illustration to add to  
the many others which  
he had cleaned for use  
in driving home spiri-  
tual lessons.  
(To be continued)

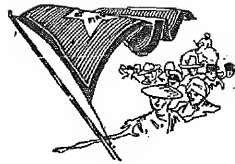
## RABBITS AND CAULIFLOWERS

While the meeting  
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the rabbits and caulif-  
nanded the Captain a  
he Corps funds.



# Under The Army Flag



IN THE BACK BUSH TOWNS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

## FOUR MILES IN A BUCKET

Amid the Snow-Capped Mountains of the Arctic Circle

Major Carruthers, Divisional Commander for Northern British Columbia, Canada West, recently paid his first visit to Cordova, Alaska, where eight months ago The Army opened a Corps. On the Sunday a service was held in the Federal Jail, and on Tuesday, the Major and the Commanding Officers, entrained for Chitina, a small place in the interior of the country, and one hundred and thirty-two miles from Cordova. Here an illustrated address on The Army's work was given to a greatly interested audience.

The Major enjoyed an unusual and exciting experience at Kenecott. Here, the only mode of traveling to Bonanza Mine, four miles away, is by "aerial tramway." The copper ore is brought to the mill in huge buckets, and into one of these the Major climbed, his lantern and slides being placed in a bucket behind. Imagine oneself traveling in a bucket over the peaks of high mountains, crossing over canyons five hundred feet deep, looking down upon buildings below, which seem mere specks in the distance! The Major will tell any one that it is well worth the trip across the tempest-tossed Alaska Gulf to be able to ride in a bucket! A fine meeting was held with the one hundred men who worked the mine. Major Carruthers has the distinction of being the first Army Officer to cross in this fashion, and, incidentally, to be the second religious man to hold a meeting at Bonanza.

## INTERNATIONAL BREVITIES

Yevande Towobola Ore Jones was the name of one child dedicated by Commissioner Bullard during his recent visit to West Africa.

Sweden has 1,200 Corps Cadets. There are more than 2,000 Company Guards in the Territory. Two journals are published in Sweden for the Young People.

A small party of Officers unfurled The Army Flag at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in August, 1922. The event was hailed with satisfaction by people of almost all classes. Liberty to proclaim Salvation in the open-air was officially granted, of which privilege full advantage has since been taken. Subsequent years have been marked by steady progress.

An awakening at Halpanwilla Corps, Ceylon, resulted in seventy-seven persons being converted in one week.

Moratulla Young People's Hall, the first of its kind in Ceylon, has been opened by the Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Prakram Singh (Colledge). The Hall, which is well built and well ventilated, is capable of accommodating three hundred people. Treasurer Joseph Fernando made The Army a gift of the land.

Among the many projects for improving the condition of the Criminal Tribesfolk in The Army Settlements in India is an annual Health and Baby Week. This was recently held at the Sitangaram, Stuartpuram, and Pallavaram Settlements, and aroused keenest interest. The excellent condition of the babies made the judges' task most difficult.

## 500 MILES WITH SULKY, SALVATION AND SONG

SOME Corps in Western Australia have large boundaries covering many hundreds of miles, and during our command of such a Corps Mrs. Sinclair and I decided to visit all the out-back bush towns within a radius of five hundred miles. We stocked our sulky (a light two wheeled carriage) with blankets and provisions, and set off at daybreak on a Saturday. At the end of forty miles we were given hospitality for the night at a farmhouse, where on the following morning we were permitted to hold a little meeting with



Commissioner Hoggard, recently appointed an International Traveling Commissioner, attached to I.H.Q. Staff

the family in the dining room. That meeting made a profound impression on the farmer.

We left the farmhouse the next day and reached an inland town on the following Saturday. The men had already knocked off work, and were busy gambling away their wages. Warned to be careful in approaching them, as they would reject religious talk, I began to play old familiar songs on my concertina and quietly, slowly, those three hundred men broke up their "school," sat on the grass, and listened to song messages and some red-hot Salvation truth, for which they afterwards thanked us.

### Had Contemplated Suicide

After another long drive we arrived tired and thirsty at a little township where a woman invited us to her home. Touched by my prayer for the household, the mother gave way to tears. This gave Mrs. Sinclair the opportunity for a spiritual talk, which resulted in the woman's conversion. She had contemplated suicide, but our unexpected visit had changed her outlook. I dealt with the husband who, too, sought Salvation.

Arriving at a bush mill township we arranged an Open-air meeting with the men after closing time, and in the presence of a large crowd a young man surrendered to God. Be-

tween this township and our next stopping-place our horse stumbled on the rough roads and overturned the sulky. However, we were soon able to get up and set things right again. A lady in a motor-car hailed us at the next place of civilization and invited us to stay with her for the Saturday night. As the minister had not arrived to conduct the Sunday's services, I took his place. After the evening service we held a rousing Open-air meeting.

At the next bush town we reached we did some house-to-house visiting, and at night conducted a meeting in which a number of children sought Salvation. For some days following we traveled through the bush and met no one until we came upon a little township right in the middle of the forest. Here we left the horse and traveled by a rake train (used to bring great logs of timber to the mill) to another town fifty miles distant!

### Rang His Bell, but—

Here, despite a cinema-man's claim to the public hall on the Sunday, we were given first innings and held a Young People's meeting in the afternoon and a Salvation battle at night, when two seekers knelt at the penitential form. After the meeting, the cinema-man rang his bell to gather the people to his show, but they said, "We could not go to the

pictures after such a meeting."

Early on the Monday morning we returned to the town where we had left the horse, and drove more than forty miles over a very rough track. Snakes and inguanas (a kind of lizard) were plentiful, and at one time a mob of thirty kangaroos passed us. At last we reached the farmhouse we sought, and here the farmer showed us a big boar which had that morning swallowed a large brown snake.

Our kind host also showed us a shorter route home, and we decided to risk it. It being a very hot day when we set out, and there being only one water-hole on the way, we provided ourselves with a tin of water, all of which the horse drank ten miles from the water-hole! We tied up the animal while we went in search of water, and to our immense relief came upon the remains of a blacks' camp and water-hole. Here we decided to camp.

Soon, dogs of all sizes and breeds appeared on the scene, and were followed by big and little black people who were shouting and hopping and gunning from ear to ear. They asked many questions and wanted many things, such as soap and tobacco, but on being told that we belonged to The Salvation Army and wanted a collection they scampered off. We called them back and gave them each a copy of THE WAR CRY, and I played to them on my concertina. Once more we set out, and after driving, arrived back in our Quarters praising God for His goodness.

Many towns had been entered and many meetings conducted. In one place I conducted the first religious meeting that had been held there for twenty-one years—Captain Sinclair, Southern Territory, Australia.

## CONQUERING KENYA

NINE SOLDIERS OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES SWORN-IN AS SALVATIONISTS

Just before the serious motor-car accident which rendered him "out of action," Lieut.-Commissioner Stevens conducted, in the new Central Hall, Nairobi, a Sunday's campaign, which was considered to have been "the best yet" in Kenya. Mr. and Mrs. Carr attended the meeting at the Commissioner's invitation and were delighted at the remarkable scenes they witnessed in the Hall, the erection of which was made possible largely through their generous gifts.

The day commenced with 125 persons at Knee-Drill; and at least, 100 Salvationists took part in the first Open-air meeting. Indoors, forty-five new Soldiers were sworn-in, nine of them belonging to the King's African Rifles, and looking very smart in their military uniform. All received new names in addition to a copy of "The Articles of War," which they had previously signed. Of the forty-five, forty-three were men. Then followed the commissioning of a Corps Sergeant-Major and three Sergeants. The whole service was most dignified and impressive.

But nothing, perhaps, exceeded in interest the Self-Denial Altar Service. Something like 270 members of the congregation left their seats to bring their gifts to the front. A total of \$50.00 was given—a truly sacrificial amount from these new Converts to the cause of Christ.

More than 500 persons were present in the Hall, and in simple language the Commissioner urged the

unconverted to seek Salvation, and the converted to claim Full Salvation. There was an immediate response; twenty-two seekers knelt in penitence. In the afternoon another fine Open-air gathering was held, and indoors three other seekers had their needs supplied. "No night meetings are held here," says the Commissioner "in a private dispatch, "but Captain Tabor, the Commanding Officer, considers that this was his best day in Kenya, and I think we are all agreed on this."

## YOUNG SOUTH AFRICA

Adjutant Allan, stationed at King William's town, South Africa, writes: "Some time ago a little native girl came to our Quarters and asked for a dress, for she was wanting to go to school. We gave her one and she started to come to Day-School. Then she began to come to the Young People's meetings. After attending for some months, her mother began to attend the local meetings, and about six weeks ago became properly saved. She has put on the Christian dress, and very soon we expect to enrol her as a Soldier."

"Knowing that the Young People's Corps was in need of funds, a small boy at Bex Valley, South Africa, recently sold his pet doves, and gave the proceeds to the Corps' funds."

## THE CHIEF

And Records  
Yo

AT ONE of the morning gatherings held during recent International People's Staff Council at 8 an Officer read Isaiah's prophecies regarding the bridge of the East and the gathering West.

Listening, in such company, utterances of that seer of old one could in some faint way feel the fulfillment of the Word. It was a miniature. Nume was not a great company, and mingled under the roof of Sunbury Court, but it was an international, and probably



An interesting group of Sunbury. The General I Army veterans—Commis (left), the oldest Officer service (see col. 4), and who for many years has been Director of The Society. Walking away seen Commissioner M Kitching is to his right

in the history of nations. Here was a grouping of women from forty different and colonies, speaking tw different languages, a representation of a variety of

## MIGRATION SCHI

Commissioner Lamb me London!

A large number of representatives gathered at Hotel, London, recently, and Commissioner Lamb outlined the scheme for chartering the Star Liner Vedic to transport 700 emigrants to Australia. The Commissioner faced his remarks on this venture by a convincing of the population of the British Empire, and a planation of The Army's hopes and schemes. He with telling effect the charge to him when the Migration Work began: "make The Army be to the passenger what Thos. Cook first-class," and showed to be unique in that the situation handled the select port, settlement, and aft the migrants.

After the address, questions the pressmen were answered by Commissioner.





After such a meeting,"  
the Monday morning we  
to the town where we had  
dise, and drove more than  
over a very rough track,  
and inguanas (a kind of  
re plentiful, and at one  
ob of thirty kangaroos  
At last we reached the  
we sought, and here the  
owed us a big hour which  
morning swallowed a large  
ke.  
ed host also showed us a  
ute home, and we decided  
It being a very hot day  
et out, and there being  
water-hole on the way, we  
urself with a tin of  
of which the horse drank  
from the water-hole! We  
animal while we went in  
water, and to our immense  
upon the remains of a  
mp and water-hole. Here  
to camp.  
s of all sizes and breeds  
on the scene, and were  
big and little black people,  
shouting and hopping  
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my questions and wanted  
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et on being told that we  
The Salvation Army and  
collection(?) they scam-  
We called them back and  
each a copy of THE WAR  
I played to them on my  
Once more we set out,  
driving, arrived back in  
rs praising God for His  
ns had been entered and  
ings conducted. In one  
ducted the first religious  
at had been held there for  
years.—Captain Sinclair,  
territory, Australia.

## KENYA

N RIFLES SWORN-IN

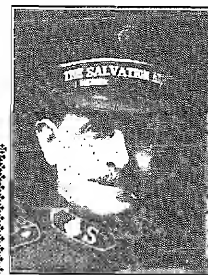
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to the Corps' funds.

# THE CHIEF SECRETARY OPENS HIS NOTE BOOK

## And Records some Interesting Impressions of the International Young People's Staff Council at Sunbury



Colonel Robert Henry,  
Chief Secretary

AT ONE of the morning prayer gatherings held during the recent International Young People's Staff Council at Sunbury, an Officer read Isaiah's prophetic utterances regarding the bringing of the East and the gathering of the West.

Listening, in such company, to the utterances of that seer of long ago, one could in some faint way visualize the fulfilment of the Word. Here it was in miniature. Numerically it was not a great company which met and mingled under the roof-tree of Sunbury Court, but it was decidedly international, and probably unique,

deals and characteristics—the Occident and the Orient meeting and being made one by force of circumstance, but being fused into a harmonious whole by reason of a unanimity of spirit and purpose. It was a Pentecostal blending, and to have passed through the experience of witnessing and sharing in the creation of an intimate, affectionate, and understanding comradeship is a memory worth cherishing.

Experiences of this type open up vistas to the vision of what could be, and surely shall be—a world-girdling brotherhood based on the knowledge of God, and acceptance of His will.



An interesting group caught by the camera at Sunbury. The General in conversation with two Army veterans—Commissioners Ridsdel (extreme left), the oldest Officer in The Army in point of service (see col. 4), and Commissioner Carleton, who for many years held the position of Managing Director of The Salvation Army Assurance Society. Walking away from the camera will be seen Commissioner Mapp, while Commissioner Kitching is to his right.

Naturally the keenest interest was focused on The Army Leaders. The General and Mrs. Booth gave generously both of time and labor in the interests of the Conference. Their utterances, weighted with wisdom born of rich experience, were listened to with an eagerness which must have proved a measure of reward for the sacrifices made. Certainly the delegates were deeply indebted.

From the welcome greetings to the closing scenes of the Session, the Leaders of The Army had manifestations of the affectionate re-

other outstanding leaders—delivered over fifty lectures, each adding his quota to the all-important study of the subject, "The Young People's Way."

Translation was a necessity. The situation was efficiently met by a system of table phones which enabled an Officer knowing English and the language of the listener to pass on, sentence by sentence, the speaker's message. Necessity is truly the mother of Invention.

Prayers, conducted morning by morning by one or other of the Officers, were seasons of strange soul-moving. One listened to a prayer in English, another in German, followed by the supplication of some dark-skinned brother who fervently petitioned the Throne in his own vernacular. These, followed by a prayer chorus, when each sang in his mother tongue, provided such conditions that he would be slow-ly indeed who did not rejoice in so "Great a Salvation."

The Albert Hall Demonstration, the Midway Young People's Councils, the Alexandra Palace encampment for Life-Saving Scouts and Guards, were each remarkable as opportunities for observing what is being done among the Young People within Army borders in London and its environs. With tactful forethought, arrangements had been made for the delegates to attend the Provincial Young People's Councils which were being held throughout England. Here was the chance to come into close touch with The Army's youth in the Provinces.

The opportunity was not thrown away. The delegates returned to Sunbury extremely keen to compare notes on what had been seen and heard. The ability to compare is the basis of good judgment.

These contacts with the Young People were inspirational, especially as one remembered these were but samples of the thousands of British young manhood and womanhood who, brought under Army influence, have accepted our faith and made our ideals and practices theirs. They are a splendid body marching, breast-high, on to the battle-fields of life's campaigns.

The results which will accrue from

gard in which they are held.

The Lecture Room at Sunbury proved to be the centre where many hours of concentration were given to the consideration of things that matter. Twenty-six lecturers—numbering among them not only the General and Mrs. Booth, but the Chief of the Staff and the International Secretaries, as well as many

in the history of nations.

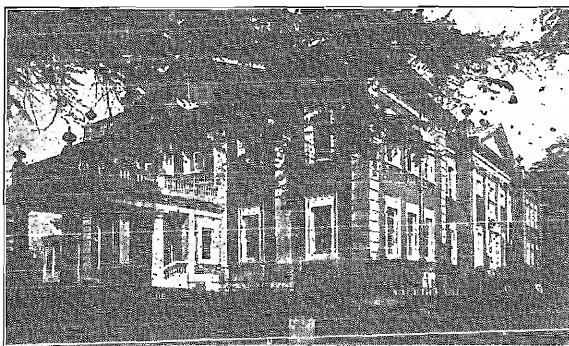
Here was a grouping of men and women from forty different countries and colonies, speaking twenty-four different languages, a true representation of a variety of national

## MIGRATION SCHEMES

Commissioner Lamb meets  
London Pressmen

A large number of press representatives gathered at Anderson's Hotel, London, recently, when Commissioner Lamb outlined The Army's scheme for chartering the White Star Liner Vedic to transport, in October next, 700 emigrants to Australia. The Commissioner prefaced his remarks on this particular venture by a convincing survey of the population question within the British Empire, and a lucid explanation of The Army's migration hopes and schemes. He re-stated with telling effect the Founder's charge to him when The Army's Migration Work began: "You must make The Army be to the third-class passenger what *Thos. Cook* is to the first-class," and showed The Army to be unique in that the same organization handled the selection, transport, settlement, and after-care of the migrants.

After the address, questions put by the pressmen were answered by the Commissioner.



Sunbury Court, The Salvation Army Staff Institute

the Sunbury Councils (the largest and most important held since the fateful year, 1914) have to be worked out. That each delegate returns with more of the International Army spirit, a closer acquaintance with the under-girding principles upon which the world-wide Army is based, a clearer vision of what are her objectives and possibilities, and a more definite knowledge of how to lead onwards to these desirable achievements, is, I think, a foregone conclusion.

That the response to this fresh acquisition of experience will, on the part of Young People's Workers everywhere, be both general and genuine is assured.

## THE OLDEST OFFICER

Commissioner William  
Ridsdel (R)

William Ridsdel was born on September 30th, 1846, at Colton, a little village in Yorkshire. At an early age he left home, and went into farm service, where liberty from parental restraint brought him into an acquaintance with wickedness of every description. One day he was persuaded to enter a chapel, and there the Spirit of God took hold of him. But he refused to yield, and as a consequence drifted farther from God.

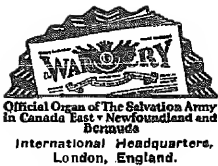
Moving to York with his parents, who had become converted, he was induced to go with them to chapel, where, after a tremendous struggle, he was born again.

Ultimately, he became a local preacher, and worked earnestly for the Kingdom of God. One day he read in the "Christian Mission Magazine" of the great work which was being accomplished by the Christian Mission; and so impressed was he that, after praying over the matter, he journeyed to London to see the Rev. William Booth, the General Superintendent of the Mission, with the result that he immediately became a Christian Mission Evangelist. This was in 1873.

The Commissioner has commanded in all eleven Corps in the British Field. In 1881 he was appointed to the Staff as Divisional Officer, which appointment was followed by various other commands, both as Divisional and Provincial Officer. The Commissioner then crossed the seas as Territorial Leader for Sweden, which appointment was followed by the command of The Army's Work in South Africa, the Commandership of the Manchester Province (England), the Territorial Commandership of Norway, the Provincial Commandership of Scotland, and the Territorial Commandership of Holland, to which he was appointed in July, 1907. The Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdel relinquished their work in Holland at the end of 1914.

The Commissioner has been a tireless worker, and whether his appointment has been as a Field, Divisional, or Provincial Officer, or as a

(Continued on page 15)



Official Organ of The Salvation Army  
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be addressed to the Editor.

## Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

### Promotions:—

#### To be Ensign:

Captain Fred Hempstead, Saint Ste.  
Marie I.  
Captain George Bowers, London II.  
Captain Gladys Rogers, Hespeler.  
Captain Roy Langford, Barrie.  
Captain Ina London, Westville, N.S.  
Captain Margaret Beaumont,  
Bridgetown, N.S.  
Captain William Morrison, Ridge-  
town, Ont.  
Captain L. Johnson, Toronto West  
D.H.Q.  
Captain Thos. Hobbins, London  
Men's Social.

#### To be Captain:

Lieutenant Vincent Evenden, To-  
ronto Men's Social.  
Lieutenant Willis Pedlar, Saint  
John, N.B.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,  
Lieut.-Commissioner.

## "TO ALL RANKS"

### H.R.H. the Prince of Wales responds to Birthday Greetings

On the occasion of the birthday of  
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the  
General sent the following message to  
the Prince at St. James's Palace:  
"May God bestow every blessing  
of grace and Salvation upon your  
Royal Highness, and give you many  
happy returns of this memorable  
day. We of The Salvation Army  
pray for your happiness."  
His Royal Highness's reply was  
given as follows:

"The Prince of Wales sends  
sincere thanks to all ranks of The  
Salvation Army for their kind  
birthday message."

## SURPRISE ROYAL VISIT

### H.R.H. Princess Louise Calls Un- expectedly at an Army Home

On a recent Thursday afternoon  
Her Royal Highness the Princess  
Louise, Duchess of Argyll, accom-  
panied by a lady-in-waiting, paid an  
unexpected visit to an Army Home  
for Women and Infants in London.  
This particular branch of Army  
activity makes an especial appeal to  
Her Royal Highness, who on more  
than one occasion has honored our  
Women's Social Institution with her  
presence.

No preparation had been made for  
the Royal visit, but the Princess was  
well satisfied with all that she saw in  
the Home.

Before leaving, Her Royal Highness  
took tea with the Matron.

# NEWFOUNDLAND'S FORTIETH!

## An Auspicious Start to Congress Gatherings

# THE COMMISSIONER

### CONDUCTS HIGH-TIDE EVENTS IN ST. JOHN'S

## 63 Seekers in Opening Assemblies

The following message, cabled from St. John's, clearly indicates  
that Newfoundland's Fortieth Congress has opened in most promis-  
ing manner, and that our comrades of the Sub-Territory are ex-  
periencing a high-tide of blessing. A full account of the various Con-  
gress events will appear in a later issue.

#### [By Wire]

The hearts of Newfoundland Salvationists have been  
greatly stirred by the phenomenal success of the Sub-Territory's  
Fortieth Annual Congress, conducted by Lieut.-  
Commissioner Maxwell, who was assisted by Colonel More-  
hen and the Sub-Territorial Commander and Mrs. Moore.  
The public Reception, Welcome Demonstration, spec-  
tacular Parade, Holiness convention, battle for souls, and  
the Commissioner's lecture in the Majestic Theatre, over  
which Sir John R. Bennett presided, were all pregnant  
with earnestness, enthusiasm and faith.

Record attendances were seen, and sixty-three seekers  
have so far been registered. Councils continuing.

—Major Tilley.

## THE MAGIC OF THE CHRIST STORY

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Spends an Active and Highly Influential Sunday at the  
Toronto Temple

As the lights of a great city seem  
to rivet one's attention even more  
than its noise and bustle, so the  
transparent attractiveness and im-  
pressiveness of Colonel Henry's mes-  
sage was the predominant impression  
which remained after his meetings

to the Church at Philadelphia: "Hold  
that fast which thou hast, that no  
man take thy crown." He put in a  
strong plea for a faithful following  
of Christ in the path of self-denial  
and service, stating that the "holding  
fast" which wins the crown consists  
in making the will obey the con-  
science. He warned his attentive  
hearers against a mere formal re-  
ligion, and both trenchantly and  
tenderly dealt with the tendency, in  
the religious life of to-day, to drift.  
His whole theme magnified Christ.  
The Chief Secretary spent an



Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs.  
Rich, of Canada West, who are  
just now paying a short fur-  
lough visit to Toronto



the heart and make us good. That  
these promising Young People appre-  
ciated the presence and message of  
the Chief Secretary to the full was  
very manifest.

At the evening meeting, Major  
Thompson led in prayer, and Staff-  
Captain Little, home on furlough  
from Jamaica, testified that "there  
is power in the Blood." His wife,  
known to many as Adjutant Scott,  
was also on the platform. The Band  
played very acceptably, "Songs of  
Exhortation," and the Songsters  
rendered with feeling, "Shall you,  
shall I?"

Mrs. Colonel Henry spoke earnest-  
ly on the certainty of death for  
young and old, rich and poor, and  
emphasized the necessity for due  
preparation.

The Chief Secretary's address was  
based on the Psalmist's words:  
"Blessed is he whose transgression is  
forgiven, whose sin is covered." He  
spoke of transgression as "leaving  
God," and of sin as "missing the  
mark." After making a scathing de-  
nunciation of sin, he made an earnest  
plea to the sinner to "Behold the  
Lamb of God, which taketh away the  
sin of the world." Several seekers  
came forward during the Prayer  
meeting, which brought to a close a  
day of earnest endeavor.

These are merely impressions of  
how the visit appealed to those of us  
of the rank and file. We left the  
building with a feeling of help re-  
ceived and of sweet comradeship  
with a powerful and loving man of  
God. We enjoyed every minute of  
this very notable day.—John H.  
Wilson, Corps Secretary.



The Commissioner has appointed  
Staff-Captain Noah Pitcher to act as  
Private Secretary in succession to Major  
Watkinson, the appointment to take  
effect some time towards the end of  
August. Major Watkinson's new ap-  
pointment will be announced at a later  
date.

Furloughing Officers at present visit-  
ing Toronto from our Western sister  
Territory include, beside Lieut.-Com-  
missioner and Mrs. Rich, Staff-Captain and  
Mrs. Steele, Staff-Captain Edith Hansell,  
of Grace Hospital, and Adjutant Davies,  
of the Training Garrison. Welcome,  
comrades, and a bon time!

Captain Gordon MacGillivray, of the  
Immigration Department, has done the  
white S's. Congratulations! We now  
refer to him as Ensign MacGillivray.

Four new Corps have recently aug-  
mented Canada East's fast-growing  
field forces—Georgetown, Ontario;  
Richmond Hill, Ontario; Lunenburg,  
Nova Scotia; Oxford, Nova Scotia. Rich-  
mond Hill has been operated for a con-  
siderable time as an Outpost, and has  
been heard from frequently; the report  
of Georgetown's inaugural week-end will  
be read on page 12. We are hoping to  
hear from the Eastern openings in the  
near future.

Ensign Ruth Plant has been appointed  
as Home Officer at Montreal Receiving  
Home; Captain Florence Lewis to  
Toronto Receiving Home, and Captain  
Gertrude Pelkey, to London Children's  
Home.

The "Worried sister," whose appeal  
for prayer on behalf of her bed-ridden  
and unsaved brother was contained in  
last week's Terrestial column, now writes  
to say that prayer has been answered  
with regard to his physical condition.  
He is out of danger and progressing.  
She still requests prayer on behalf of  
his spiritual condition.

Ensign Kirby, who, previous to enter-  
ing the International Training Garrison,  
was a Soldier at Brantford, has been  
spending a portion of his furlough from  
South Africa in that city, renewing ac-  
quaintance with many old friends.

Commandant Trickey, Montreal, was  
The Army's representative in a depu-  
tation to Ottawa of Prisoners of War  
Workers, who interviewed the Account-  
ing Minister of Justice, Honorable  
Lucien Lamont, with regard to extend-  
ing clemency to prisoners during the  
Diamond Jubilee celebration.

In connection with Montreal's Self-  
Denial Effort, it is interesting to note  
that the majority of the fits teams  
were organized and manned by churches  
and other outside agencies.

# ECLIPSE

# THE

"THE eclipse, Ge-  
millions of pe-  
islands alone c-  
out for the great morn-  
newspaper phrases it  
many hours that day the  
already been toiling: a  
workshop, some of th  
which—a thick batch  
held in his hand. Bu  
ken gaze plainly said,  
the interviewer hastened  
his query:

"What are your tho-  
the eclipse?"  
"That the moon, whic  
one of the heaven-  
bodies, giving her lig  
by night and exercisin  
a beneficent influen  
from month to month, h  
comes, for the time bein  
a malign agent, an ob-  
struction and a hind-  
rance, intruding herse-  
into a region to whic  
she is alien, and thus  
preventing us receivin  
the light and heat th  
we so greatly need, an  
without which our po-  
little earth would quick-  
become a ball of ice, lo-  
in the darkness  
original night!" A m-  
mentary pause, a m-  
then—

"Have we not here  
picture of the spiritu-  
eclipse from which man  
people suffer? The  
allow something to in-  
trade between themse-  
and God. Maybe it is  
good thing, a usef-  
thing, a loveable thing,  
thing in itself right a-  
true—and yet the cau-  
of darkness and doubt!

### Intercepting the Light

"Yes, and it may  
comparison be a ve-  
small thing. I see th  
the astronomers say th  
the light of the sun  
five hundred thousand  
than the light of the  
the moon is able to  
darkness and shadow t  
world of light. How  
seen this—men and w  
in the Light of God, re-  
glory of the Lord, an  
thing, not evil in itse-  
ing in its effects, ha-  
the light, and cut off th  
be money—position—  
—children—lover—frien-  
may be nothing wrong  
any more than with t  
moon"—(and the G  
broadly)—"but if they  
us and the sun—the S  
cousness—they becom-  
tion—yes, even an abo-

"That dictionary def-  
eclipse is good, is it  
The obscuration of th  
sun or other body by  
tion of another heav-  
between it and the cy-  
it and the source of  
that it is often the t  
nearest to us which c-  
separations from the

"Exactly! The moon  
some quarter of a mil-



# ECLIPSES! SOLAR AND SPIRITUAL

THE GENERAL has something Significant to say on both

—Shadow-Makers and Joy-Breakers

"THE eclipse, General! Forty millions of people in these islands alone on the look-out for the great morning, as one newspaper phrases it—" For many hours that day the General had already been toiling in his home-workshop, some of the fruits of which—a thick batch of MSS.—he held in his hand. But his kindly-keen gaze plainly said, "Go on!" and the interviewer hastened to complete his query:

"What are your thoughts about the eclipse?"

"That the moon, which is herself one of the heavenly bodies, giving her light by night and exercising a beneficent influence from month to month, becomes, for the time being, a malign agent, an obstruction and a hindrance, intruding herself into a region to which she is alien, and thus preventing us from receiving the light and heat that we so greatly need, and without which our poor little earth would quickly become a ball of ice, lost in the darkness of original night!" A momentary pause, and then—

"Have we not here a picture of the spiritual eclipse from which many people suffer? They allow something to intrude between themselves and God. Maybe it's a good thing, a useful thing, a loveable thing, a thing in itself right and true—and yet the cause of darkness and doubt!"

## Intercepting the Light

"Yes, and it may be compared to a very small thing, I see that the astronomers say that the light of the sun is five hundred thousand times greater than the light of the moon, and yet the moon is able to cut off into darkness and shadow that wonderful world of light. How often I have seen this—men and women walking in the Light of God, rejoicing in the glory of the Lord, and then something, not evil in itself, but separating in its effects, has intercepted the light, and cut off the joy. It may be money—position—wife—husband—children—lover—friend. There may be nothing wrong with them any more than with the dear old moon!" (and the General smiled broadly)—"but if they get between us and the sun—the Sun of Righteousness—they become an obstruction—yes, even an abomination."

"That dictionary definition of an eclipse is good, is it not, General? The obstruction of the light of the sun or other body by the intervention of another heavenly body, either between it and the eye, or between it and the source of its light." So that it is often the things that are nearest to us which cause these sad separations from the light?"

"Exactly! The moon is said to be some quarter of a million miles dis-

tant from the earth, but the sun is ninety-three million miles—that is, taking a rough calculation, if we assume the distance of the sun to be four hundred miles, then the distance of the moon is one mile and, by comparison, it is indeed 'of the earth, earthy.' And in matters of the spiritual life, is it not the 'earthy' things that come so often in our way? Is it not wisdom—'Set your affections on things above'—Don't build below the skies—Don't give place to the poor erections of lath and plaster—Walk in the light—in the Light of God?"

was chilled, and looking at the thermometer as I returned, I was amazed to see that it had dropped seventeen degrees, while all around us seemed to shiver!

"Again, is not this just what happens when we are separated from the Light of the World? And is not this the secret of the coldness in many souls and lives—cold testimonies, cold singing, cold prayers, cold love? Sometimes I hear people talking as if cold and heat were matters of their own manufacture. No, no! The secret is in the Sun. If His way is clear to reach us—if

care! He is our Sun, and His Light is the light that works by love.

"That is the great evil of spiritual eclipses—that when they obstruct the Light they weaken our love.

## A Blue-sky Religion

Men are so prone to turn from the high to the low, and when His Light fails, our love and faith fail, and we begin to build upon the material and the natural instead of upon the spiritual. What a shadow-maker is this! What a manufactory of darkness is leaning on the arm of flesh—looking at the clouds!

"I was glancing the other day at the life of one of the saints of old, and again and again there came that beautiful expression, 'I have not the shadow of a doubt'—as to the sanctifying grace, as to bereavement, as to death itself. Over and over, a kind of refrain in all the vicissitudes of a busy life: 'I have not the shadow of a doubt!'—shadows prohibited—No obstructions allowed—eclipses forbidden—a blue-sky religion! Can you sing the old song:

Not a cloud doth arise  
To darken the skies.  
Or hide for one moment  
My Lord from my eyes!

Hallelujah!"

With uplifted hand the General smothered an attempted question and continued:

"O u r Light never changes. Some of the astronomers assert that the sun is burning itself out, that some day its light will surely be extinguished. What a darkness that would be! But our Sun is ever the same, and I again plead with WAR CRY readers that if there are no obstructions which now eclipse His glory and beauty and holy Fire—clear them out of the way! Make a free course for the Light!"

"I suppose it is one of the chief attractions of the Heavenly City that there will be no night there. In all the wonderful words and thoughts concerning the Light of God there is ever a suggestion, a hope, a kind of promise that some day there will be a final end of shadows—a time when all that is of the earth 'earthly' shall be done away, and we shall come into the immediate presence of the Sun of Righteousness and drink the healing from His wings."

The General was speaking for a moment as one who sees the invisible, looking radiant, as he concluded:

"That day will surely dawn. What joy to see Him as He is in His undecoded glory, to know Him as He knows us, and to meet Him face to face! What a hope!—Till the day break and the shadows flee away! Yes, praise the Lord, till the day break and the shadows flee away. Hallelujah!"—H. L. Taylor, Lieut.-Colonel.



A part of The Army's great "League of Nations."—A group of Life-Saving Guard and Scout Officers, who were numbered among the delegates to the recent International Young People's Staff Council at Sunbury, England.

Reading from left to right:—Standing: Adjutant Linderud, Life-Saving Scout Organizer, Norway; Captain Larsen, Life-Saving Scout Organizer, Denmark; Staff-Captain Calvert, "Life-Saving Scout and Guard" Editor, Euxine Helles, Divisional Organizer, Germany; Brigadier Bernard Booth, Young People's Secretary for the British Territory; Major Bell, Life-Saving Guard Organizer, Great Britain; Adjutant Ellery, Life-Saving Guard Organizer, Canada East; Staff-Captain Price, Life-Saving Scout Organizer, Great Britain; Commandant Kean, Life-Saving Guard Organizer, Australia (Southern); Ensign Nordqvist, Life-Saving Scout Organizer, Sweden; Adjutant Haglund, Life-Saving Guard Organizer, Sweden; Captain Petrus, Divisional Organizer, Germany. Sitting: Four representatives from Germany; Captain Rudolf Stett, Captain Neddermeyer, Divisional Organizers, Brigadier E. Smith, Chief Superintendent, and Adjutant Bohme, Divisional Organizer.

"This eclipse is a kind of outrage on the sun. This miserable obstruction is an insult. We are all thinking of it in its effect on us; do not let us forget the affront that is offered to the king of light. And ought we not to view everything which comes between the soul and God as an outrage upon Him? We are apt to think of evil only as it affects ourselves, injures our own future, and imperils our own safety.

## An Outrage on God

But it is all an outrage on Him—an offence against His majesty—an insult to His Holiness—a wounding of His love. Oh, come away!" (exclaimed the General passionately)—"Come away from evil! Come away from darkness! Let us be one with the Light!"

"There is also the sinister fall of the temperature, General."

"Ah, what a chilly thing is an eclipse of the sun! I remember the last time we had an experience somewhat similar to this present event, though not so prolonged. I was at home and at work in my study at Hadley Wood, when the light failed, and I went out to look at what I could find. Instantly I

there are no obstructions—if there are no hindrances to His will—in short, if we are in the right relation to the Sun, then we shall be warmed; then the spiritual temperature will be right, and in place of the cold things I named, there will be fiery testimonies, and hot singing, hot prayers, and burning love!

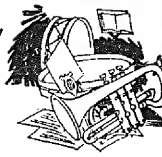
"That is it—it is the obstructions that make the winter. This going about rubbing our cold powers, striving to catch a little heat from our comrades, and working-up some warm feelings in our hearts, will come to very little. What we need is the Sun!"

"And the darkness?"

"Yes, indeed, eclipses mean darkness—if not total darkness, at any rate shadows and gloom that are very pronounced. Here is the same lesson: We have no light in ourselves. The most we can say for ourselves at our very best is that we are a kind of lantern. It is He who plants His light in us! It is He, and He alone, who can dispel the darkness of unbelief and fear. He will do it—bless His holy Name! For He can make light in the darkest night! He can make gladness amid the deepest gloom of anxiety and



# Our Musical Fraternity



## BALANCE AND BLEND IN BAND WORK

By LIEUT.-COLONEL F. G. HAWKES

(Concluded)

### BAND AND BRIGADE CHAT

The articles by Lieut.-Colonel Hawkes on "Balance and Blend," which have been appearing on this page during recent weeks, have been full of instruction and interest and should prove of inestimable value to the men of the brass. We hope to publish further articles from the Colonel's pen at a near date.

Band Correspondent Swain, of Adelaide, Australia, sends us the interesting information that his Band—the Band of the No. 1 Corps of the Territory—travels eleven hundred miles per week on Army service, and has done over five hundred years' band service in the aggregate. He underlines the "week," and his writing is almost copperplate, so we are left to wonder how the 1,100 miles is pedaled off. There are thirty-three men in that means roughly 34 miles each. Five journeys, say, to and from the Hall weekly (three on Sunday and two during the week) at roughly seven miles each journey, does it. That means the men live on an average three-and-a-half miles from the Hall. Perhaps our Canadian Bandmen would be interested in comparing their own figures.

A question is raised by a correspondent as to the correct reading of a dynamic indication in the "Meditation," "Angels," which appears in the new Ordinary Series Journal which is just out. The point occurs in the last movement, where the final presentation of the theme appears. On the last note of the third phrase there is a crescendo to a fortissimo. Our correspondent was uncertain whether the "f" sign was intended to appear at the end of bar 13 of Section II, or on the first beat of bar 15. The only correct way of playing the bars mentioned is to make the crescendo reach its climax (ff) in the same bar in which it commences. To carry it over to the following bars could not be justified. All that seems to be needed is a slight rise in force in the bar in question, then a subito drop at the beginning of the next bar for the piano commencement of the final phrase of the hymn tune.

Dovercourt Band is scheduled to visit St. Thomas for the week-end July 30th to August 1st.

### HOW TO IMPROVE BRIGADE SINGING

Songster Brigades occupy an important position and perform a very useful function in Salvation Army warfare, but, sometimes, I am afraid they come far short of the "possible." Many of our Bands have now reached a high level of efficiency, but, comparatively speaking, the same cannot be said of a large number of Songster Brigades—there is a sad lack of good singing. How can this state of things be remedied? First, of course, by the securing of better trained voices, but I do not want to dwell on this point, which is apparent. I would call attention to some of the flagrant faults in the singing of some Brigades and individuals, which, if obviated, would do much in the way of improvement.

Take, for instance, balance. How very seldom do we see or hear a Brigade with a proper balance of parts. Invariably, as I scan the photographs of Songster Brigades, I count the number of male and female voices; in some cases the proportion is six men to twenty women, eight or ten men to twenty-five women, and so on. The result is that, to be heard, the tenor and bass must sing ff, when the trouble and alto are singing mf. A correct balance would remedy this. This brings me to my next point, which is pp singing. Many singers, when they attempt this, get out of tune, but this, with practice, can be avoided. Correct note production must be sought for. This is the secret: If once grasped the result would be surprising. Try singing high notes pp, and graduate downwards, keeping the tones at the same force. Improvement in this matter will soon be both noticeable and pleasing.

(Continued at foot of col. 4)

**Trombones**

Although several kinds of trombones, other than the Eb tenor and G bass, are procurable, they are but very rarely met with. Without doubt, the Eb alto would prove a very useful addition by increasing the upward range of the trombone group, as would also the Eb bass in the

It is only rarely employed in the orchestra, and is by no means common in military bands, although there it would appear to be in its most natural sphere.

In recent years it has sprung into popularity in connection with "jazz" music, and it can hardly be claimed that its use in this connection tends to its elevation. Saxophones are very expensive and, because of their delicate mechanism, they need handling with great care.

### THE CALL OF THE DRUM

All faint and far away I hear  
The calling of the drum.  
Its rhythmic thrumming, drawing near,  
Is ever pleading "Come!"  
The colors are waving—  
My heart throbs with craving  
As nearer, and clearer,  
And louder, and prouder,  
Its melody grows, as the sound comes  
and goes—  
The call of the drum.

Now brave and grand, and near at hand,  
I hear the calling drum.  
The flag, by gallant breezes fanned,  
Is beckoning—"Oh, Come!"  
We'll rush to the clamor  
Of strife with its glories;  
And swelling, and telling,  
The story of glory  
The drum sings in glee as it passes by  
me.  
"Come! Come!"  
Is the song of the drum.

Still faint and far away I hear  
The ever-calling drum;  
Now singing low, now singing clear,  
In its insistent "Come!"  
With tones sweet and hollow  
It lures me to follow,  
Far away through the day,  
It calls me, enraptures me,  
The lift of its beating my heart is re-  
peating.  
"Come! Come!"  
Is the call of the drum.  
—From "The Crusader."

opposite direction, but they do not appear to have made a successful appeal. The same may be said of the BBb bass. The two latter instruments some fifteen or twenty years ago enjoyed vogue, but they are only rarely used now. There is this great advantage, that the part published for the G bass trombone could be played on both the Eb and BBb instruments.

### Saxophones

The saxophone is more widely used than any of the above specialties, but does not appear destined to take a permanent place in the brass band. Its tonal character is quite distinctive. In the opinion of many, it does not blend well with brass instruments played with a cup-shaped mouthpiece. Possibly no musical instrument has been the centre of so much controversy in this connection, for while it is treated contemptuously by some, there are others who hold it in high esteem. As to species, it is a kind of cross between the woodwind and the brass, for while it is made of brass, the sound-producing medium is made of wood, and the key-mechanism is similar to the flute or clarinet.

After mature consideration, therefore, our advice is for the average Band to retain the tenor horn. For the very large Bands, where duplication is possible, it may prove an advantage to have a set of each, for the tenor cor tone is admirably suited for accompanying purposes.

(Concluded)

### BELLEVILLE VISITS TRENTON

Belleville Band, accompanied by Adjutant Boulton, the Corps Officer, recently campaigned at Trenton. A large crowd gathered at the Saturday Open-air, where the Bandmen told the story of Jesus' love, in music and testimony. Sunday was a busy day. In the morning three Open-air were held prior to the Holiness meeting, which was full of blessing and help. During the afternoon the Bandmen played outside the homes of several sick comrades, after which they gave an excellent program indoors, over which M. T. D. Rushon presided. A final Open-air, which followed the Salvation meeting, concluded the busy campaign.

### Thumb-Nail Sketches of the Masters

#### NO. 6—BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN

Born 1770; died, 1827.

Beethoven's music shows over forty years of growth of a marvellous genius, from auspicious beginnings, through glorious struggles, to tragic grandeur.

In his twenty-sixth year appeared first signs of deafness, which became steadily worse until conversation with the deaf musician was possible only through the aid of note books. The creations of this period are the result of deeper reflection, and of purer and more personal inspiration.

At his death, all Vienna followed his hearse, and all the world knew it had lost a Titan.

#### HAMILTON BAND AT ST. CATHARINES

The Hamilton No. 1 Band, accompanied by Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor and Adjutant Jones, visited St. Catharines for a recent week-end.

Entertained at dinner at the Welland Hotel by the St. Catharines Chamber of Commerce, the visiting Bandmen were extended a welcome to the city by Major Hugh M. Bell.

Following this, a delightful program was presented in front of the Welland Hotel and later on St. Paul Street, before the Band proceeded to the Citadel where a most enjoyable Festival was given to an appreciative audience.

Following the Sunday morning Open-air in the east end, the Holiness meeting was conducted by the Brigadier. At this service the infant son of Bandmaster and Mrs. Adams was dedicated to God and the Salvation Army. Adjutant Jones, Commanding Officer of the Hamilton I Corps, gave an enlightening Bible address.

In the afternoon the Band, as the guests of the Canadian National Railway, went to Port Dalhousie, where it gave another pleasing program and was entertained to dinner by the railway management. The evening meeting was led by Brigadier Taylor, and a final gathering was held in Montebello Park.

(Continued from column 1)

Another point to watch is that of slurring. For example: the piece being sung has an interval of a third, say—E to C, or C to A, or vice versa; now, some singers touch on all the notes in between, producing the same result as that of a trombonist when he shifts from one position to another and continues blowing.

I listened recently to a good Brigade, and it had some splendid sopranos in it (how I coveted them!) but, to my mind, the general effect was spoiled by slurring and shouting of the top notes.

Another deterrent to good singing is what might be termed the sentimental effort. I am a strong believer in infusing expression and feeling into our singing, but I think this effort can and should be obtained without being sentimental. The words, every one of them, should be clearly attacked and released, and there should not be the running of one word into another. I do not wish to reiterate what I have read from other pens over and over again, but how ludicrous it is to hear such as this: "Thee Yangel loveth the Lord earnestly," etc., and so on ad infinitum.—T.C.



### News Gleanings

Two visitors arrived in Newfoundland, their homeland, on furlough recently—Mrs. Captain Noseworthy, with her two children, from Chicago, and her sister, Mrs. Captain Ellis, of Lippincott, Toronto. Welcome home, dear comrades.

A report to hand states that Captain G. Mercer lies very ill at her home in Bay Roberts. She was last stationed at the school at Humbermouth. Pray that God will graciously uphold our beloved comrade in this dark hour.

On Cabot Day, Captain Charles Butler is to take the Scouts for a Field Day to Belle Isle. A demonstration will afterwards be held in the Hall. It will be a red letter day for the Scouts!

#### GARNISH

Captain and Mrs. Winsor

Our Corps is still in the firing line. During our special revival meetings we had the joy of helping thirty sinners into the Fountain. They came out new creatures, and we believe, in the future, they will make good fighting soldiers.

At the request of the people of Frenchman's Cove, the Corps journeyed there for a Sunday Open-air meeting. The playing of our little Band was a great attraction to these people, many of whom very seldom see or hear The Salvation Army. Frenchman's Cove is two and one half miles from Garnish, and the folk here have a warm place in their hearts for The Army.

We recently spent a Sunday afternoon in marching and playing around Garnish, and held three short Open-air meetings of the sick folk. One man who had not been able to attend meetings for many months was able to walk into the ring to give his testimony. The Young People's Work, under the leadership of Young People's Sergeant—Major George Legge, is doing well. This year we distributed over one hundred prizes to the Young People, and prospects are good for even better results in the future. The Home League sale was a great success.

#### BURIN

Adjutant and Mrs. Porter

There was joy in the hearts of our sinners on a recent Sunday night when the burden of their hearts relied away at the foot of the Cross. Each convert afterwards gave a testimony and all voiced their determined desire to prove true and faithful.

The Army's School Inspector, Captain Brown, paid a visit to the Corps this week and spent some time with the company of over thirty registered children, under Lieutenant B. Rice. The work is progressing quite satisfactorily, and this fact speaks well for the teacher's faithful endeavors during the severe winter. The School opened in September last.

#### ENGLEE

Captain Greenham

On a recent Sunday night an inspiring time was experienced. We rejoiced to have again with us many comrades from whom we have been separated during the winter owing to their employment. We had also the joy of seeing four men and women kneel at the Cross for Salvation. God's Spirit is striving mightily with sinners and our faith is high for a break in the enemy's ranks.

An enrolment of two Senior Soldiers also took place during the evening. Praise God!





## IN WEST AFRICA

(Continued from page 5)

are Mohammedans, who are full of missionary zeal. After a native professes conversion, we put him through a three-months' course of special training before receiving him as a recruit. Three more months of preparation follow before Soldiership is reached."

## A Typical Story

"May we hear a typical story of conversion from heathendom, showing spiritual experiences of the convert?"

"Yes. I'll tell you of an old lady whom our Officer found worshipping an image. He told her of Christ, and afterwards she attended Army Open-air, listening keenly, and finally knelt at the drum-head. She went home and told her husband, who was very angry; and when, later on, she wanted to be enrolled, he refused to allow it, pointing out that his god would be annoyed and would visit them with some grievous misfortune. In her distress and perplexity the converted woman consulted the Officer, who advised her to obey her husband and pray that a way out of the difficulty would be opened up. Nor was it long before her husband, being greatly impressed by her altered life, consented of his own accord to her enrollment in The Army. But the story does not end there. Nearly fifteen years before, her son had left home, and she had never ceased to yearn and pine to see him again. She had prayed and prayed to her husband's god about it; now she directed her almost heartbroken petition to the true God.

"One morning she looked up to behold the arrival of a fine, tall man, whom she joyfully recognized as her son. He was accompanied by a little boy, who proved to be her grandson. And this was the impressive thing her son said to her: For fourteen years and more he had had no thought of returning to his home, but lately an irresistible impulse had come over him to go and see his mother.

## Thirty Miles to a Meeting

"Our converts have to stand a good deal of persecution. In Ede, three heathen lads of about fifteen, belonging to different families, decided to serve the Christ of whom The Army told them. Each was soundly thrashed by his parents, but continued to attend Army meetings. Then the parents put their heads together and decided to banish the lads to farm lands fifteen miles away. But, behold, the three resolute young believers walked to the town every Sunday, and, after attending the meeting, walked back again—a thirty-mile effort.

"Again the parents conferred. This time they decided to give each boy this option: to leave The Army or be turned out of his family. For an African boy to be parted from his mother is a specially severe trial; and one of the lads surrendered. The other two sorrowfully accepted their fate; and, since they were now cut off from all contact with their relatives, our Officers found employment and shelter for them. They go into the country and buy cocoa for a living. They are bright Salvationists, very happy, and looking forward to the time when they will become Officers. Almost every Sunday the other boy can be seen on the fringe of the Open-air, looking glum and disconsolate. He follows the march right up to the Hall. But he must not go in.

"The converted heathen are very keen. After getting Salvation as visitors somewhere, they will go back home and arrange to start The Army in their own villages. Recently, while at one place to inaugurate operations, the Colonel was asked to go on to another place, where, to his surprise, he discovered a well-built Army Hall. Salvationists in uniform, an eager congregation, and every body ready for a good start.

(Continued at foot of column 4)

Amid Delightful Surroundings  
Life-Saving Scouts in Camp

At Jackson's Point learn about real values and enjoy a profitable Sunday with

## THE TERRITORIAL Y.P. SECRETARY

THE Life-Saving Scouts are having the time of their lives at Jackson's Point. From Reveille to "Lights out" the days are packed with delightful occupations. We use the adjective because all things—in the camp chorus—are regarded happily. Staff-Captain Spooner, the "Big Chief," is only rivalled for first place in all hearts by Adjutant Bunton, the Camp Superintendent. It would take a Solomon to say which of these two has precedence.

Thus far, apart from two rainy days, the weather has been ideal for camping purposes, and the boys are as brown as berries, as happy as Scouts can be, and know a good deal more about the real value of life than they did when they came to camp.

Sunday, to these vigorous Life-Savers, is as happy a day and certainly as profitable as any other day of their two-week period. Our correspondent describes the first Scout Sunday, which was conducted by the Territorial Young People's Secretary,

a great scampering of little feet as Adjutant Harpley's big family gathered around him and took their places in the Grove.

The ringing notes of a bugle were heard: "Fall in 'A,' fall in 'B,' fall in every Company," and the Scouts "fell in" smartly. A sharp word of command from Staff-Captain Spooner, and they marched to the Grove, headed by the camp Band and flags.

Furloughing Officers and visitors followed, and we were ready for an hour of worship in the cathedral of nature's own building. Under the shade of giant trees, and accompanied by the song of birds and the chirp of insects, worship was natural and delightful.

Colonel Adby reminded us that the service was principally for the Young People, but we agreed with him that the tender grass which suits the lamb is also good for the sheep. There was plenty of singing; then a word of testimony from a Scout Leader, a hymn tune by the Band, and the Colonel brought us a message from the Word. Oh! it was

The Guide Book's Directions  
For Reaching the City of Zion

"They shall ask the way to Zion."—Jeremiah 50:5.  
(See Frontispiece)

"Lord . . . how can we know the way?" Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."—John 14:6, 6.

"Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—Matthew 7:14.

"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes; but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise."—Proverbs 12:15.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs 14:12.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it . . . The redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isaiah 35:8-10.

on Sunday, July 10th:

A semi-circle of red-roofed cottages by a placid lake; green fields smiling up at a Summer sky; white tents gleaming in dazzling sun; campers and visitors strolling about in friendly conversation; an atmosphere of rest and reverence everywhere; such was Jackson's Point Camp on Sunday.

The Camp bell sounded a clanging reminder that it was time to gather for the morning meeting.

A piercing whistle was heard in the Fresh-air section, and there was

good to be there.

In the afternoon the Scouts rendered a bright program, assisted by Staff-Captain Beer, and Adjutant and Mrs. Clark, of India.

The evening meeting was another season of happy and reverent worship. The Colonel's call to courage and spiritual heroism could not fail to make an appeal to the Young People present.

It was a day of sowing, for which we bespeak a bountiful harvest in years to come.

## First Shots on a New Battleground

## GEORGETOWN

Captain Hiltz, Lieutenant Clark. Everything was most conducive to an auspicious opening of the Toronto West Division's new Corps at Georgetown, Ontario. Brigadier Burrows, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Commandant White, Captain Hiltz, Lieutenants Ellison and Burrows were all welcome visitors for the event. The opening had been well advertised. Brigadier Burrows and Captain Ellis being particularly responsible for this, and their enterprise contributed materially to the success of the opening meetings, a splendid attendance being registered.

Brother Alexander Gregory, a faithful veteran of forty-two years' standing, also worked wonderfully well in this connection, distributing hand-bills and placing a poster on an improvised billboard. Our comrades described the eighth of July when The Army opened fire in Georgetown—as the happiest day of his life.

The attendance of comrades at the Open-air meeting, which preceded the inauguration proper, numbered twenty-four, the visitors from Toronto being

supplemented by Mrs. Commandant White, Mrs. Envoys Dawson, and others from Guelp, and a quartette of Sisters from Brampton. The inside meeting was attended by freedom and enthusiasm. Ninety adults and thirty young people were present. Staff-Captain Wilson gave an inspiring address.

Brigadier Burrows briefly introduced the various visitors, and then called upon Mrs. Envoys Dawson, who opened the work in Guelp, and had much to do with introducing The Army to the neighboring district. The Lippincott Band rendered helpful service.

Captain Hiltz, the Commanding Officer, was introduced, and in a few words expressed the desires and hopes of both himself and the Lieutenant in relation to the immediate future. Lieutenant Clark spoke with good effect, and the Brigadier gave an earnest exhortation. The Corps Officers are grateful for the good start-off given the new opening, and to all who took part, and trust the endeavor thus endorsed by their practical support will grow to that which will honor God and win lost souls.—C.W.H.

SONGS FOR SAINT  
AND SINNER

Tune: "Ho Pardon'd a Rebel," 238.  
I heard of a Saviour Whose love was so great

That He laid down His life on the tree;  
The thorns they were pierced on His beautiful brow,  
To pardon a rebel like me.

## Chorus.

He pardoned a rebel like me, like me,  
He pardoned a rebel like me, like me;  
The thorns they were pierced on His beautiful brow,  
To pardon a rebel like me.

They tell me He wept over sinners one day,  
Saying, "Oh, that your Saviour you knew!"  
How oft would I gather you under My wing,  
And pardon poor rebels like you."

Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my hard heart,  
And brought me, dear Jesus, to Thee;  
And I know, when I came, Thou didst not cast me out,  
But didst pardon a rebel like me.

Tunes: "Guide Me, Great Jehovah," 165.

"Hallelujah," 167.  
Fly, ye sinners, to yon mountain,  
There the purple stream doth flow;  
There you'll find an open fountain  
That will wash you white as snow.  
Oh, come quickly,  
And its cleansing virtues know.

Never ponder o'er your meanness,  
But to Calvary repair;  
There's the fountain for uncleanness,  
And the worst is welcome there.  
Christ invites you,  
Now His pardoning love to share.

Richly flowed the crimson river  
When our great Redeemer died;  
And that Blood will you deliver  
Whenever 'tis applied.

Free salvation  
Flows from Jesus' wounded side.

(Continued from column 1)  
constantly he receives pressing invitations from chiefs and other leading people to commence operations in their districts. It is not possible to consider a quarter of the applications. Bow how encouraging it is to know that the people of West Africa are stretching out their hands to us in this way.

## Gold Nugget as College Fee

"I must not close without saying something about the Gold Coast. How Hudson came to Engrland five years ago with a gold nugget and asked to be trained as an Army Officer is well known. Following his return, a powerful Corps grew up in his town, Duakwa, and from that centre the Work has been growing ever since. The Army seems to appeal to the people of the Gold Coast even more than it appeals to the people of Nigeria. Converts carry Salvation from village to village, and The Army is spreading rapidly for many miles around Captain Hudson's central Corps. Several chiefs have become Salvationists and are full of fervor. One chief told me that his people had given him two crowns to wear, but he much preferred his Army cap.

"Two months after Hudson started, Adjutant and Mrs. Roberts were sent to hoist the Flag at Accra. In addition to the Corps, a large school has been started. Last year operations began in Secondee, the second town in importance. In the absence of a regular Hall, a cinema was used. From Secondee the Fire is spreading up the line and along the coast."

PASS THIS WAR CRY  
OVER THE FENCE

Called  
To Higher ServiceSISTER MRS. TOWNSEND,  
HAMILTON V

Sister Mrs. Townsend has answered the call to Higher Service. Our departed comrade had been laid aside for nearly two years, and suffered intense pain. Conscience until the last, she left a very clear and definite testimony that all was well with her soul. Coming to this country over twenty years ago from Guernsey, Channel Islands, the late Mrs. Townsend settled in Mount Hamilton, and when No. V Corps was opened, some four years ago, she, with her husband, Brother Thomas Townsend, and her daughter, Sister Mrs. Rendall, were among the first Soldiers to be enrolled. The funeral service was conducted by Captain Rogers and Lieut. Macmillan at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Albert Gill. The interment took place at Burkholder's Cemetery, where a short service was conducted by our Officers. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved.

SISTER MRS. KNAPP,  
INGERSOLL

Death has claimed one of Ingersoll's pioneer Soldiers in the person of Sister Mrs. Sarah Knapp. Our comrade had been a Soldier of Ingersoll Corps for over forty-two years. She lived to a ripe old age, and on the Sunday before her promotion to Glory attended both the morning and afternoon meetings. At the former gathering she gave a bright testimony to her preparedness for the Call of her Father when it came, and said she was "well packed up for the journey."

The funeral service was held in the Citadel and was attended by a large company of friends to pay honor to her memory. Brigadier Burton, who led, spoke very highly of the sterling Christian qualities of our departed comrade, and of the help and inspiration she was to him when stationed in Ingersoll some twenty-seven years ago as an Officer young in experience. Commandant Woolcott, St. Thomas, and Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. Cable each spoke of their happy associations with Mrs. Knapp and of her life. Ensign Thompson assisted in the service. The procession to the cemetery, led by the Band, made a deep impression upon the people. Brigadier Burton conducted the Committal service, and as they sang around the open grave, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," the Soldiers joined in a fresh consecration to God for service.

On Sunday evening the Memorial service was conducted by Ensign Thompson. It was significant that at the commencement of the service a young Sister should be enrolled as a Soldier under the Flag. Among the speakers were Mrs. Staff-Captain Little, whose associations with the late Mrs. Knapp extended back into the early eighties, Corps Secretary Garland and Home League Secretary Mrs. Biggs, each of whom spoke of our provoked comrade's godly life and readiness for the Call. Mrs. Ensign Thompson seized the opportunity in her earnest address of warning all to be ready for the life hereafter.

BROTHER HARRY RAYNOR,  
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Brother Henry Raynor has gone to his eternal reward. At the beginning of the year our brother was stricken with paralysis, and for several weeks was a patient at King Edward Hospital. He recovered temporarily and was able to resume his work of carriage driving. At the

(Continued in column 4)



# FOR SAINT AND SINNER

He Pardon'd a Rebel," 234.  
f a Saviour Whose love was  
great  
le laid down His life on the  
cross  
as they were pierced on His  
suffering brow,  
don a rebel like me.

Chorus.  
ned a rebel like me, like  
ned a rebel like me, like  
as they were pierced on His  
suffering brow,  
don a rebel like me.

me He wept over sinners  
day,  
"Oh, that your Saviour  
would I gather you under  
His wing,  
ardon poor rebels like you."

love so amazing, it broke  
hard heart,  
ought me, dear Jesus, to  
see;  
w, when I came, Thou didst  
ast me out,  
list pardon a rebel like me.

vide Mr. Great Jehovah," 185;  
"Helmley," 167.  
sinners, to you mountain,  
he purple stream doth flow;  
I'll find an open fountain  
ill wash you white as snow.  
one quickly,  
leaving virtues know.

pander o'er your meanness,  
Calvary repair;  
ie fountain for uncleanness,  
t worst is welcome there.  
t invites you,  
pardoning love to share.

flowed the crimson river  
er great Redeemer died;  
Blood will you deliver  
ever 'tis applied.  
e salvation  
m Jesus' wounded side.

inued from column 1)  
he receives pressing invi-  
sion chiefs and other leading  
commence operations in  
riets. It is not possible to  
a quarter of the applica-  
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37.

## Nugget as College Fee

not close without saying  
about the Gold Coast  
son came to England five  
with a gold nugget and  
be trained as an Army  
well known. Following his  
powerful Corps grew up in  
Dunkwa, and from that  
a Work has been growing  
The Army seems to ap-  
e people of the Gold Coast  
e than it appeals to the  
Nigeria. Converts carry  
from village to village, and  
is spreading rapidly for  
s around Captain Hudson's  
ops. Several chiefs have  
divisionists and are full of  
ne chief told me that his  
I given him two crowns to  
he much preferred his

onths after Hudson started,  
and Mrs. Roberts were sent  
e flag at Accra. In addi-  
Corps, a large school has  
ed. Last year operations  
Seconded, the second town  
In the absence of a  
all, a cinema was used  
ndee the Fire is spreading  
and along the coast."

## HIS WAR CRY OVER THE FENCE

# Called To Higher Service

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(Continued in column 4)

# THE ROAR OF BATTLE

## "With Sword and Shield we'll take the Field, we're not afraid to die"

### SYDNEY

#### Captain and Mrs. Everett

Jubilee week-end services proved to be very helpful and interesting. In the afternoon, the Band supplied the music for the United Jubilee Celebration in the park, in the evening meeting the Young People sang very acceptably. Appropriate music by the Band helped to make the day a success. A Shingling Company is being organized, which we believe will be an asset to our Corps. Our Cradle Roll now numbers thirty-two members.

### SUMMERSIDE

#### Lieutenants Beech and Hollingsworth

We recently bade farewell to Captain and Mrs. Hamman. During their short stay we have been greatly blessed and believe our late leaders have been a blessing to all with whom they came in contact. We pray that God will continue to bless their efforts.

### NEWMARKET

#### Captain and Mrs. E. Clarke

We enjoyed a splendid week-end on the occasion of the visit of Brigadier Burrows, Sergeant-Major Hales and the West Toronto Band, on June 18th and 19th, and we believe many people were blessed as a result. On Saturday evening the Bandmen motored to Bradford, one of our guests where a bright Open-air was held, after which they returned to Newmarket where many crowded around the Open-air to hear the messages of the Gospel, and the music of the Band. The program, on Sunday, was a full one, followed by the Holiness meeting, at which many hearts were blessed. The sick folks of the town were not forgotten, for in the afternoon the Band rendered music to the inmates of the Hospital. This was followed by a service, in which the Band partici-

ing a considerable stir. At the Open-air meeting which was held a large congregation of people gathered and listened to the Gospel message in music and song. The Band then motored to Sherburn, where His Worship Mayor Peggs accorded the visitors a civic reception. A large number of people listened with keen interest to the program. On Sunday hopes for a successful day were fully realized. Three Open-air meetings were conducted previous to the Holiness meeting. In the afternoon, in Government Park, hundreds of people listened to, and expressed their appreciation of, the music of the Band. At the conclusion of the Salvation meeting the Band motored to Thamesville, where a community service was arranged. Hundreds of people thronged the Park, where His Worship Mayor Thompson, of Chatham, gave an interesting lecture upon the benefits enjoyed since Confederation. The Band furnished the music. The men worked hard to make the campaign a success.

### NORTH TORONTO

#### Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Barrett

We have said good-bye to Captains Dunkley and Chapman, and welcomed our new Officers into our midst. At a well attended and enthusiastic meeting held on Thursday, July 7th, representative speakers welcomed our new leaders, and we intend, with them, to push the battle for continued victory. All branches of the Corps are in a healthy condition, particularly in this noticeable among the young people of the Corps Cadet Brigade. Corps Cadet Open-airs are our latest innovation.

### WINDSOR BAND VISITS KINGSVILLE

#### Windsor I Band, comprised of fifty-four pieces, under Bandmaster G. Collett, visited Kingsville for Confederation Diamond Jubilee week-end. Arriving on



Brampton Home League, with Lieutenants Court, the Commanding Officer prior to the recent field change. Sister Mrs. Simpson, the League Secretary, is the daughter of "Billy" McLeod, a notable converted prize-fighter, whose life story we hope to publish in serial form at an early date.

pated, which was arranged by the leading citizens of the town in connection with the decorating of graves. In the evening a Salvation meeting was held in the Town Hall, and in spite of the rain, a goodly number gathered, and we were blessed by the blessing of God, hearts were stirred and many were impressed with the importance of seeking for Christ. We believe much good will be the result of this week-end.

### NORTH BAY

#### Commandant and Mrs. Poole

Sunday, July 23rd, will be long remembered in the North Bay Corps. It was the farewell Sunday of Ensign and Mrs. Pollock who have concluded two very successful years in our midst. In the morning service one Soldier was enrolled, and at the night meeting five souls surrendered to God. The Ensign had asked for a mark of God's approval of his labors in this city, and felt that the result in the night meeting was an answer. On Friday evening the Soldiers met in the Hall, where a farewell tea took place. Those who spoke during the week-end meeting were an inspiration to all. The same success was hoped for during the stay of the new Officers. During Jubilee week-end the Band was very active. On the Monday a Festival was given which realized a good sum toward the purchase of new instruments. On Tuesday the Bandmen motored to Speke Bay and Sturgeon Falls and gave two Open-air Festivals. On July 1st the Band took part in the Jubilee parade, and again on Sunday Officers, during Jubilee week-end, the Memorial Park celebration. The Band has added three new Bandmen to its membership.

### GUELPH BAND AT RIDGETOWN

The Guelph Band and band from Guelph arrived at Ridgetown on Saturday evening, July 22nd, after driving one hundred and thirty miles. An active week-end's campaign began with the Band marching through the main street and creat-

## A SUNDAY AT BURWASH

Described by an Inmate

Sunday, July 3rd, was indeed a banner day for the inmates at the Industrial Farm, Burwash, when Major McElhiney, of Toronto, paid one of his frequent visits to this institution. Assisted by Commandant Miller, the Prison Chaplain, a special service was conducted for the inmates at Camp in the morning, where a good time was enjoyed by a large number of men. The message left a deep impression upon all present. In the afternoon a service was held in the school for the children, and many of the old and familiar as well as the new songs were sung and enjoyed by the goodly number present. But it remained for the evening service, at the main camp, to excel in enthusiasm, general joy and religious fervor. The large auditorium was filled to capacity when Commandant Miller commenced the service with a hymn that appealed to the large congregation because of its beautiful simplicity and tender message of love. The Rev. Mr. Fairfoul, Superintendent of the Prison Farm, then followed with a reading of a portion of the Scripture to which the men listened with rapt attention. Major McElhiney—the prisoners' friend—thoroughly Ontario—delivered an interesting talk on the conversion of Saint Paul. As he talked to the unfortunates who temporarily inhabit this Ontario prison, and told of his thirty-one years of active Salvation Army service, during which time he had never known of anyone having lost anything because of a firm belief in God and His Word, one could not help but feel that everything pure, wholesome and holy, was to be gained by constant obedience to the will and wishes of the Master.

The concluding song service was a genuine treat for the "boys," particularly when a Commandant Miller rendered very effectively a solo, accompanied by the well-trained choir composed of inmates, and of which the Commandant is the director. There followed two special numbers by the choir; then Major McElhiney brought the service to a close with prayer, and later sang, "Abide with me," accompanied by the choir. The singing of "God save the King" was in keeping with Canada's Diamond Jubilee celebrations, and brought a happy and not soon to be forgotten day to a close.—A.H.M.

(Continued from column 1)

last Soldiers' meeting he attended he said, "I shan't be with you long, but be faithful." The following Sunday afternoon he became unconscious and passed quietly away on Tuesday, June 14th.

Brother Raynor had been associated with The Army from its beginning in Hamilton and was one of the first Bandmen. In the newspaper account it was said, "Many could remember his stalwart figure, marching bravely along, playing his clarinet. He was very outspoken in his addresses, and his ideas were somewhat crude, but he had the courage to speak them boldly to the world."

He was a great believer in prayer, and in seasons of difficulty would often say, "I must get to my knees." The funeral service was conducted by Commandant Gillingham, assisted by Rev. Dr. Bell of the A.M.E. Church. This was largely attended. The Band led the procession, and the remains of this warrior were laid to rest in The Army Plot.

On Sunday a very impressive Memorial service was held in the Citadel, several paying tribute to his consistent life.—R.G.

## We Are Looking For You

POWERS, Earl Allen—Age 32 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; red hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. When last heard of, was living in Port Hope. Should this meet the eye, please communicate with Colonel Morehen, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, 2.



## TOO MUCH "I"

### "Don't Syndicate Your Sorrows"

The Apostle Paul does not say, "Don't look to your own affairs," but "Look also to those of others." When we see that other people labor just as faithfully as we at tasks differing from ours, we should not therefore abandon ours, but arrive at a more just—that is, a more modest—idea of our importance in the scheme of things as a whole.

To many people there applies the remark which Mr. Kipling, in a story of his, places on the lips of a naturalist: "My friend, you have too much I in your world."

When to such as these trials come, when disappointment, pain, and loss visit them, they bear themselves as though no one else had ever had to endure the like. In regard to our troubles and afflictions, however—and these are times of widespread affliction—true wisdom exhorts us not to look each to his own exclusively, but also to those of others.

Then in time we realise that after all we are not specially singled out, smitten of God and afflicted beyond the rest of men, but are one of an exceeding great army of fellow-sufferers. And in grasping that truth we are lifted out of our fruitless repining and rebellion into the fellowship of the Cross, into a tenderer sympathy with others.

## SWEETEST THINGS

There's nothing so sweet  
As a baby's mouth  
And the baby's dimpled hand!  
There's nothing so dear  
As a baby's tear  
When a smile comes creeping  
after!  
There's nothing so blue  
As a baby's eyes,  
For they hold the light  
Of the soul's sunrise.  
—Margaret Sangster.

Some of the men and women who walk most uprightly carry the weight of a grief they will never forget, but which does not bow them down. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as chastened, and not killed; as dying, and behold they live!" It can be done by all who heed the invitation:

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

# The Realm of Home

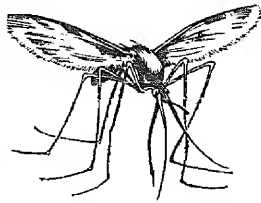
## SUMMER PESTS: How to Combat and Remedy Them



THE common insect pests of the Canadian woods are nearly all of the order Diptera or two-winged-flies. Those usually present in abundance are various species of mosquitoes of the genus Aedes; black-flies of the genus Simulium; midges, sand-flies, punkies or "bite-um-no-see-ums" of the genus Ceratopogon; "deer-flies," "moose-flies" or "dog-flies" of the genus Chrysops and horse-flies or "bull-dogs" of the genus Tabanus. Of these the black-flies and mosquitoes are usually by far the most numerous and annoying. The mouth parts of all these insects are somewhat alike and are arranged as a number of blades or spikes, loosely encased in the long, slender labium or lower lip, and forming an efficient piercing organ known as the proboscis. This is thrust into the skin of the victim and blood rapidly withdrawn by means of suction. At the same time a quantity of a powerful irritant poison, secreted by the salivary glands, is discharged into the wound, causing the irritation and swelling usually resulting from such an insect's attack.

Various essential oils, applied to the skin, have been proven of great value in warding off attack. None that has yet been evolved is entirely effective, but the remedies given herewith have been successfully tried. The oils may seem a trifle unpleasant, but this discomfort is soon forgotten as one experiences the marked relief due to their application.

Here he is — the subtle and ruthless disturber of sweet repose!



No. 1  
Oil of Citronella, 3 oz.; Spirits of Camphor, 1 oz.; Oil of Tar, 1 oz.; Oil of Pennyroyal, ¼ oz.; Castor Oil, 4 to 6 oz. (Depending on the sensitivity of the skin.)

No. 2  
Dr. L. O. Howard, in "Remedies and Preventatives against Mosquitoes," gives the following as the most efficient protective mixture he has used:—  
Oil of Citronella, 1 oz.; Spirits of Camphor, 1 oz.; Oil of Cedar, ½ oz.

No. 3  
Oil of Cassia, 1 oz.; Camphorated Oil, 2 oz.; Vaseline, 3 oz.

Remedies for Mosquito Bites  
The most satisfactory remedial substances known to the writer, through personal experience, are household ammonia and tincture of iodine. Others recommend glycerin or alcohol. Doctor Howard states that he has found ordinary toilet soap most useful. This is moistened and rubbed gently over the puncture, after which the irritation passes away.

## TO DESTROY ANTS

To exterminate black ants, use camphor, or get cedar spray, cedar oil added to naphtha or gasoline. (Remember the latter must be used with great care, as it is inflammable.) Do not work near a fire or light, and air the place for hours to guard against accident.

Equal parts of powdered borax, camphor and cloves, mixed and dusted about, is a good remedy for these small pests.

One tablespoon of honey to one-quarter teaspoon tartar emetic; mix thoroughly; put small quantities on pieces of cardboard and place where ants frequent. They may return; if so, repeat dose.

To rid the pantry of ants, mix cayenne pepper and borax, and dust it around the pantry shelves.

The Department of Agriculture recommends the following: Granulated sugar, 1 pound; water, 1 pint; arsenate of soda, 125 grains; concentrated lye, 1 ounce. Boll, strain and add a little honey. Put where ants have been seen.

A simple method for use in the home is: Saturate a sponge with syrup. Leave it where ants can reach it; when ants cover the sponge, throw it in boiling water.

Slice cucumber (raw) and put it on shelves and drawers where ants are found. They dislike the smell of the cucumber.

It is said that ants may be driven away by taking a handful of tansy leaves, breaking these and dropping them in boiling water; then dipping a brush in this and washing shelves wherever ants have been seen.

## CALLED FROM

### THE KITCHEN

#### A Prayer and an Answer

Some years ago a servant girl was kneeling in her kitchen, asking God for guidance. She was a Salvationist starting out in life, so there was in her heart a deep desire to walk in the path that God had mapped out for her feet.

But what was the path? On the table lay a letter which she had written, and in which she applied for a situation, but even when she was in the act of going out to post it, the finger of conscience had pointed out another path, and now she is on her knees.

"Oh, direct me, Lord," she prays, "Whether You want me to go to domestic service or to the Training Garrison."

Even as the young Salvationist prayed, she got her answer. Someone in the next house began to play the piano, and upon the ears of the praying girl fell the strains of that sweet melody—

Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,  
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on.

Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,  
Anywhere He leads me I will follow on.

The letter on the table was never posted, and the young woman who received her call in the kitchen went

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 John 9:7.

to be trained as a Salvation Army Officer.

The career thus started has been undoubtedly a successful one; hundreds of sinners have turned from the evil of their ways and started to serve God, while the love and faith of comrades have been intensified and quickened by her ministry. Her call from the kitchen to the work has repeatedly encouraged and inspired her when confronted by difficulties. For she is assured of the reality of that call, and she knows that God never calls His people to be failures.

## COMING EVENTS

BRIGADIER BURROWS: Guelph, Sat. Sun., July 30-31.  
BRIGADIER BURTON: London Thurs., July 21; Ingersoll, Sat.-Sun., July 23-24; Forest, Sat.-Sun., July 30-31.  
BRIGADIER KNIGHT: St. Stephen, Sat.-Sun., July 23-24.  
MAJOR BRISTOW: Wheatley, Sat.-Sun., July 23-24.  
MAJOR OWEN: Sydney, Sat.-Sun., July 23-24; Whitby Pier, Sat.-Sun., July 30-31.  
MAJOR RITCHIE: Lockport, N.S., Sun., July 31; Bridgewater, Thurs., July 28; Halifax, I. Thurs., July 28; St. John's, Sun., July 31.  
STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: East Toronto, Sun., July 24; Todmorden, Sun., July 31.  
STAFF-CAPTAIN WRIGHT: Montreal VII, Sun., July 24.

## We are looking for you

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray costs.

Please communicate with Lieut. Colonel Guelph, Salvation Army, Jards and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, regarding the undermentioned persons.

PATTERSON, Mrs. Johanna K. (nee Lauren)—Born in Veigle, Denmark, June 9th, 1874. Been in Canada some years. Last heard of in 1923, when she was in Montreal. Friends enquire.

McKEOWN, Christian—Age 34; height 5 ft 5 in.; red hair; grey eyes; sandy complexion. Domestic servant. Came to Canada from Belfast about 16 years ago. Should this meet the eye, daughter requires.

THOMSON, Mrs. Winifred—Age 30 years. Height 5 ft. 4 in.; fair hair; blue eyes and dark complexion. Sister-in-law requires.

BRITAIN, Grace and Mary—Left Scotland for Canada about 27 years ago. At one time in a Home in Scotland, and sent to Canada without consent of mother. Mother anxious.

BULPIN, Elizabeth May—Age 33; height 5 ft. 4 in.; fair hair; blue eyes; dark complexion. Native of Norfolk. Last heard of in Halifax, N.S. Mother ill and anxious to hear from her daughter.

LEIGH, Mrs. Robert (Annie)—Married, two children; dark complexion; born in England; note on right cheek bone. Missing since 1908. Sister enquires.

MELLON, Mrs.—Came to Canada about 27 years ago, and was in Dr. Barnardo's Home. Husband is a miner. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Sister anxious for news. 16524

Address, Colonel V. Morehen, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

ANDREWS, Josiah—Age 52 years, height 5 ft. 9 in.; medium build, grey hair, ruddy complexion, grey eyes, clean shaven, Roman nose, false teeth, solit. Sweller of right hand when talking. Any news will be gratefully received. L16295

GOLDSMITH, Thomas—Age about 55 to 60, tall, fair hair, native of London, England. When last heard of was staying at Queens' Hotel. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. 16225

McCONNELL, Wesley Ernest—Age 57 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; weight 125 lbs.; fair turning grey; black eyes; dark complexion. In a commercial salesmen. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother anxious for news. 16541

STONE, William—Anyone knowing the present whereabouts of this man, kindly communicate. Sister in the Old Colony anxious to hear from him. He is age 43 years; height 5 ft. 2 in.; black hair; black eyes. When last heard of, he was living on Yonge Street, Toronto. 16512

## OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army intending to visit Europe, will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department.

Address your communications to—THE RESIDENT SECRETARY, 1225 University St., Montreal, or to THE SECRETARY, at 16 Albert Street, Toronto 2, 353 Ontario St., London, C. 2, 71 Bridge Street, Moncton, N.B., 114 Beckwith Street, Smith's Falls, Ont., 808 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.

# THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

## BAND AND BANDSMEN'S SUPPLIES:

Instruments, in Brass, or Silver Plated.  
Instrument Cases.  
Instrument Carrying Straps.  
Lyres, brass or plated.  
Mouthpieces.  
Drums, Bass or Side.  
Drum Straps.  
Drum Ropes.  
Drum Lugs.

Drum Heads.  
Music. All Salvation Army Publications.  
Music Covers.  
Music Pouches.  
Pouch Straps, 2 in. and 2½ in., white web, nickel-plated fittings, \$1.10 and \$1.50 each.  
Tutors for all Instruments, 50c. each.  
Uniforms, Band Trim, made to measure.  
Uniform Band Caps, \$2.85 and \$4.00 each, post paid.

Now is a good time to place your order. Write for prices and full particulars of the above to

THE TRADE SECRETARY - - - 20 Albert Street, TORONTO 2, Ont.



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**LEIGH, Mrs. Robert (Annie)—**Married; two children; dark complexion; born in England; mole on right cheek bone. Missing since 1905. Sister enquire.

**MELTON, Mrs.—**Came to Canada about 12 years ago, and was in Dr. Barnardo's Home. Husband is a soldier. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Sister anxious for news. 16624

Address, Colonel V. Morahan, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.  
**ANDREWS, John—**Age 52 years, height 5 ft. 9 in.; medium build, grey hair, ruddy complexion, grey eyes, clean shaven, Roman nose, fine teeth, polite, freckled of right hand when talking. Any news will be gratefully received. 16139

**GOLDENSMITH, Thomas—**Age about 68 years, tall, fair hair, native of London, England. When last heard of was staying at Queens' Hotel. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. 16295

**McCONNELL, Wesley Ernest—**Age 57 years, height 5 ft. 7 in.; weight 125 lbs.; fair turning grey; black eyes; dark complexion. Is a commercial salesman. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother anxious for news. 16541

**STONE, William—**Anyone knowing the present whereabouts of this man, kindly communicate. Sister in the Old Court anxious to hear from him. He is 40 years; height 5 ft. 2 in.; black hair; black eyes. When last heard of, he was living on Yonge Street, Toronto. 16515

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325 Ontario St., London, Ont.,  
57 Brydges St., Wexford, N.B.,  
114 Beckwith Street,  
Smith's Falls, Ont.,  
688 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.

# S.K.I. Rocket Has a Vision

## Where Are We?—Ensign Nameless Has a Surprise—The Wire—Captain Timorous Changes his Mind—From Toronto to New York—Preparations in Press Room

THERE has been an upheaval this week. Things have been on the move. Yes, and folks have been on the move.  
The Field change has sent me nearly dizzy. The job of discovering just where we are is as bad as doing

### A Jig-Saw Puzzle.

And not only am I trying to find exactly where we all are, but I am endeavoring to figure out where we shall be.

I find myself taking one name—Ensign Nameless—a valiant WAR CRY enthusiast, a go-ahead fellow who has a big vision, and who, until

place.  
"Why, that's the least we ought to do. Here, let's make a move right away. The CRY can preach where and when we can't. It's interesting message can get into corners of this city, and into homes we may never see. Let's send this wire right away."  
And he seizes pen and paper and scribbles:  
"WAR CRY, Toronto.  
"Please double our order immediately!"

And then I vision Captain Timorous. He has arrived at Stirlingville, where the people are godless, and indifferent, and apparently have little

cakes when you know how. And our late Officer was a real enthusiast and showed us boomers just how to sell CRYs, and fired us with zeal by telling us of all the good done by the good old WAR CRY.

"If all who have been saved through reading the WAR CRY in the many countries where it is published, since it was published, if they all, I say, were to form a line, linking hands, I reckon they would reach from Toronto to New York!"

"You begin to impress me, Sergeant."

"Then you'll agree to increase, Sir?"

"I fear I must. I cannot take the responsibility of curtailing an effort which has such results. Let's send for that increase right away."

And so with such visions in mind we anxiously await those wires and letters from far-visioned Commanding Officers announcing increases.

So let the machinists whirl. Let the press room staff roll up their sleeves in anticipation of the great boom!

S.K.I. Rocket.

## OUR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

**CHAMPION—Montreal I** ..... 1,100  
**RUNNER-UP—Halifax I** ..... 850

### GO-GETTERS

HAMILTON IV	650	SAINT JOHN I (N.B.)	385
RIVERDALE	640	ST. THOMAS	325
OTTAWA I	565	HAMILTON III	315
HAMILTON I	550	SHIRBRIDGE	315
MONCTON	525	KITCHENER	295
TIMMINS	500	LIPPINCOTT	300
WINDSOR I	450	SAKINIA	300
YORKVILLE	415	WANTPORT	300
KINGSTON	400		

### DARE-ALLS

OSHAWA	300	ST. STEPHEN	325
PORT COLBORNE	290	ST. GEORGES (Bermuda)	325
NEW BRUNSWICK	285	PETICHOE	290
TRURO	285	TORONTO I	290
WALKERVILLE	275	WOODSTOCK (ONT.)	215
FREDRICTON	265	OTTAWA III	210
NIAGARA FALLS	265	SUBURY	210
HAMILTON (Bermuda)	275	WEST TORONTO	200
MONCTON	255	SAINT STE. MARIE I	200
LONDON I	250	MONTREAL VI	200
HAMILTON II	250	DANFORTH	200
ORILLIA	250	CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.	200
MONTREAL II	238	YARMOUTH	200
BARLESCOURT	235	STRATFORD	200
SAINT JOHN III	225	GEORGETOWN (ONT.)	200
NEW GLASGOW	225	WINDSOR II	200
GALT	225	SAINT JOHN II (N.B.)	200
GLACE BAY	225	BRIDEBURG	200
		NORTH BAY	200

### HAPPY HUSTLERS

DARTMOUTH	200	ROWNTREE	155
LISGAR STREET	180	COBOLING	155
PARLIAMENT STREET	180	BRICKVILLE	155
BELLEVILLE	180	OTTAWA II	155
OWEN SOUND	180	WALLACEBURG	155
MONTREAL IX	175	SAINT PAULS (N.B.)	155
CAMPBELLTON	175	LEAMINGTON	155
WHITNEY PIER	170	WOODSTOCK, N.E.	155
CAULHAM	170	FAIRBANK	155
PICTON	170	SPRINGHILL, MINES	155
TORONTO TEMPLE	160	MONTREAL IV	155
NEW WATERFORD	155	LANSY	155
CORNWALL	155	NEVASTIE	155
EAST TORONTO	155	WELLAND	155

a few days ago, was stationed at So-and-so, and is now at Abigterking. I vision him sizing up his new opportunity and incidentally investigating the WAR CRY sales.

"How many CRYs do we sell?" he asks the Publications Sergeant-Major.

"Two hundred and fifty," replies that worthy, his chest swelling with pride.

"Two hundred and fifty?" cries Ensign Nameless. "250—ONLY 250 CRYs!" He

### Stares Incredulously

at the P.S.-M. Is this all you sell in this city of 50,000 inhabitants? Surely there's some mistake!"

The P.S.-M. shrinks visibly, and stammered something about: "Thought it quite good."

"Good! my dear fellow. It's only one for every 200 persons in the city. Now, come! Surely we can get our White-winged Messenger of Salvation into the hands of at least one in every 100 persons in this needy

concern for anything but the things of today.

### Captain Timorous

has surveyed his forces and things in general, and saying his P.S.-M. asks: "What's the CRY order?"

"Two hundred orders."

"Two hundred! Oh! you don't really mean that! Two hundred for this little place!"

"Little place!"—The P.S.-M. doesn't look pleased.

"Well, I don't quite mean that, you know—I mean comparatively speaking, of course—compared with London or Paris, say—"

"Well, perhaps, yes; but we have 20,000 folks here and that means only one for every 100 persons—that's how I consider it. We were last considering raising the order when our last Officer forewelled—"

"Raising the order! Gracious! Say, go-easy, my good fellow! How on earth should we dispose of them?"

"Easily enough. They go like hot

## "THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of the Salvation Army, and so enable its benevolent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

### FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... (or my property, known as No..... in the City or Town of.....) to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR  
"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information apply to  
**LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL,**  
20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

ECLIPSES!—  
SOLAR AND  
SPIRITUAL.

(See page 9)

# The WAR CRY

Official Gazette of  
THE SALVATION ARMY in CANADA EAST, NEWFOUNDLAND and BERMUDA

SORROWS  
OF A MAN  
OF MIRTH.

(See page 3)

No. 2232. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, JULY 23rd, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner.

## WHO WOULD BANISH HELL?

**H**ELL, the natural and logical culmination to a life of ungiven sin, is the final stage for all who reject the redemption of Jesus Christ. This awful truth must be viewed without bias. To that end let us eliminate from our thoughts the notion that Hell is a mere dogma; that it is an illusion of a disordered mentality; or that it is a bogey invented to frighten simple-minded people. Let us, instead, face it as a stupendous Bible fact; it is proved by the evidence of human experience.

If we look about us we shall discover miniature hells, portrayals of the Hell of the future world. The smoke of torment ascends from the slums of our cities, from the jail, the gallows, the madhouse, the brothel, the lock hospital, the divorce court, the gamblers' rendezvous, the public house, the drunkard's hovel, the habitations of debauchery, the dwellings of demon-possessed people. Moreover, not alone from what may be considered vulgar sins, but in the fires of jealousy and hatred, of malice and pride, men and women burn, being in torment.

Salvationists know that such hells exist, for they have visited many of them, and have seen men and women burning continually, yet unconsumed, constantly falling without striking bottom, waxing worse and worse. At times these people are full of pain and shame; they are often conscious that they are playing the fool—playing with fire—but, having become the sport of Satan's deceptions, they sink lower and lower.

### Over the Cliff

What a picture is here! The man, the woman, made for the enjoyment of God, with infinite capacity for goodness, choosing only evil; drawn on and on, until they make the last fatal snatch, then violently dash over the cliff of life into the deep, gruesome gulf of eternity. None but the blessed in Heaven live a more keen or conscious existence than those millions of lost souls. One's heart is stirred to its utmost depths by the dread thought that Hell is all alive at this hour; that sinners are falling down the sides of the bottomless pit, and that death, so far from retarding, will accelerate their downward course.

Now take the Bible and what do we find? Hell is one of the primary facts contained in the inspired Scriptures. The Old Testament is studied with this great truth. But not alone the Old Testament. The greatest preachers of the New Testament proclaim it. Jesus Christ, John the Baptist, Peter, Paul, and others always set out the fact of eternal punishment before their hearers. They refer to it as "a place of torment," as "everlasting punishment," as "everlasting fire," as "a furnace of fire," as "a lake of fire," as the "bottomless pit," and so on. Surely we may not take up the unwarrantable position to think that the Saviour and the inspired Apostles told us untruths to frighten us! No, they gave us these terrible facts to warn us that we might escape the wrath to come.

### "These Shall Go!"

The Bible explicitly shows us that the illumination of the Day of Judgment will be of such a vivid and penetrating brightness that every wicked thought, every evil deed, every hidden thing for which forgiveness has not been sought from God, will become so evident that the unrighteous will not need to be dragged away to their allotted punishment. It says, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." "Go," mark you, because they will see the flagrancy of their ingrate conduct in relation to the boundless mercies of God, their callous treatment of the

### A Call for an Open Mind, an Open Eye, and an Open Book.

precious Blood of Christ, their despite to the Holy Spirit's strivings, and their hardening attitude against the dealings of Providence.

Seeing themselves as never before, they will view everlasting punishment as a just and holy verdict, recognizing that here is not arbitrary penalty meted out by an unfeeling sort of tyrant who takes pleasure in dealing with them thus, but accepting retribution as the self-executiveness of their own ungodly doings, for the fires of Hell in which transgressors perish come immediately out of their wicked living. Oh, what a sad sight! The condemned turn away from the presence of God to begin the silent march to the land of mournful sounds.

Likewise the Bible teaches that immortal man will carry with him into eternity his own mortal

character. What we sow here we shall reap hereafter. We pass to another abode, we go to other scenes, but we remain the same in essence. What a terrible prospect for the man who would rather have a Hell here than a Heaven!

Are there any people of that kind, you ask. We have known many such, they have turned from it.

A beautiful home has been opened to them, but they have turned from it. A wise father's love, a mother's gentle patience, a brother's true friendship, and a sister's entreaties have been rudely thrust aside that they might go out into a hell of debauchery, to burn in the furnace of lust for weeks on end. At the wishes of their dear ones we have gone to search for them, and we have found them almost consumed in body, mind, and soul in the hell of their own choice.

With the Hell of the Bible brought before our very eyes by human experience, the death of Jesus Christ has a specific and real meaning; it shows from what we are saved. Calvary is the final and consummate revelation of the love of God. "God commended His love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." For us, who by the law of sin were condemned to die; for us, that He might deliver us from the penalty of eternal death.

### A Manifestation

A house is on fire in Toronto; some children are comfortably asleep in their bed at Oakville. Their father rushes into the bedroom, wakes the little ones and hurries them off to Toronto.

"Now, children," he says, "stand still; watch; I am going to give you a manifestation of my love to you," and straightway he dashes into the burning house, rushes furiously from room to room, and at last emerges, scorched and exhausted. "This, children," he says, "is in demonstration of your father's love." The children would think it all very irrational on the part of their father. But if they had been in danger, all the world would understand his action and applaud. Where there is no danger, wherein is the demonstration? It is the real danger of Hell that makes the death of Jesus Christ stand out with such glorious and amazing significance! Is it not so?

Every incident in the matchless life, the suffering, and the death of our Redeemer is eloquent upon the theme of eternity. The sighs, the tears, the ignominy, and the bloody sweat of the Lord of Glory in Gethsemane are too awful to find explanation in anything this side of the moment when the angel shall declare "Time shall be no more."

### How Vast His Humbling!

And when He stooped to the shame of the Cross—Oh, Son of God, how vast Thine humbling—the broken-hearted Victim, the rent veil, tell of an Atonement too wondrous grand to have its blessings limited to the few years we spend on earth. But they also speak of a punishment too great to be compressed into anything less than eternity.

And our state in that Eternity will be decided by our relation to the crucified Jesus. If we reject Him, we are lost already, let our respectability be ever so high. If we accept Him we are saved, though our sins may have been as black as perdition.

"Come now, and let us reason together," saith the Lord: "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Prepare for Eternity by seeking God's pardon to-day.

## A NEW KNOWLEDGE TEST

### DO YOU KNOW—

A harmless, but perfect method of acquiring and retaining real beauty? (For answer, see page 2.)

A better thing than blowing out your brains? (See page 3.)

A way to talk without speaking? (See page 11.)

What the comedian said while the audience was "bringing down the roof"? (See page 3.)

What a man must do who finds himself in the plight of the man depicted in the cartoon on the front page? (See page 12.)

What the Bible says about everlasting punishment? (See this page.)

Anything about Eclipses? (See page 9.)

## Over The Bridge of Salvation

### Freed—twice!

During his usual visitation of a certain prison, an Army Officer came into contact with a young man, there for his first offence. He talked to him about his soul and experienced the joy of pointing him to the Saviour. The parents of the young man, influential and well known people, wrote expressing their grief at their boy's downfall and the desire that he should go abroad to start life afresh. Arrangements were made, and on his discharge he sailed for his new home. He was welcomed by a Salvation Army Officer at the port at which he landed. Writing some months later, the young man said that he was settled on a farm and as a converted man was determined to live for God.

### Saved from Prison

A young man, while kneeling at the mercy-seat, told the Corps Officer that he had run away from home. Associating with bad companions, he had squandered his money and had got into debt. He was compelled, to find a sum of money at an early date or go to prison. He was helped out of his difficulty and sent home.

His mother, father, and two sisters accompanied him to the meeting on the first Sunday night after his return, and knelt at the mercy-seat and found their son's Saviour.

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUR

The W

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